



THE TIGER

XMAS. 1906

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THE TIGER



THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

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Oil Fuel for Locomotives

The wonderful development of the petroleum deposits in the Southwest, and especially in Southern California, has lead to a radical change in the use of fuel within the territory commercially in touch with the oil-producing districts. Manufacturers and other steam users so situated, who have equipped their furnaces with oil burners, have found oil to be a much cheaper fuel than coal. The oil fields, though comparatively new, seem to contain an unlimited supply of fuel and the annual output at present is far beyond that of the fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio. It is estimated that California alone yearly produces 25,000,000 barrels of crude oil, which is enough to supply all the locomotives in the West if petroleum were substituted for coal. The oil differs considerably in quality from that of the Eastern fields, being much heavier in consistency and especially adapted for fuel, as it can be burned in its crude state. Petroleum produced in the Beaumont fields of Texas and in the Bakersfield, Los Angeles and Summerland districts of California is very thick, reminding one of tar, while the McKittrick and Coalinga fields (in California), yield an oil which is quite thin. Many of the wells in the Coalinga district produce a thin petroleum which is very explosive.

Early experiments in the use of crude oil as a fuel for stationary boilers and other

furnaces requiring an intense heat, proved to be very successful. Step by step the burners and necessary apparatus were improved and perfected. Many different methods of regulating the supply of oil to the fire were invented and patented, but all may be traced back to one general principle. With a good burner and a well-arranged firebox, it has become possible to practically obtain complete combustion, which was seldom approached with a coal fire. This, together with the cheapness of oil and the ease with which it may be handled, has lead to the almost general displacement of coal for such purposes in California and the Southwestern States. Marine boilers have also been equipped with oil burners and it may be said that the application of oil fuel to stationary boilers and furnaces has produced most satisfactory results.

While the oil burning apparatus was being developed for stationary purposes, several Western railroads began to experiment with crude oil as a fuel for locomotives. The great difference between the arrangement of a locomotive firebox and that of a stationary boiler gave rise to several perplexing problems. Only after many trials and repeated failures were these difficulties overcome. The engineers, however, did succeed in devising a successful means by which the oil could be burned and the

present method of burning oil on locomotives is much like the original ideas of the engineers. The first successful application of an oil-burning apparatus to a locomotive was made about 1894 on the Southern California Railway, now a part of the Santa Fe Route. Several engines were equipped and their performance was closely watched. It was plainly seen that these locomotives steamed better and were able to keep closer to the schedule time. They were handled much easier and the work of the fireman was greatly reduced. After these experimental engines had demonstrated beyond a doubt the usefulness of fuel oil, several large railroads began a series of exhaustive tests to determine the value of the fuel as compared with the best qualities of steam coal available. The results of these tests were favorable to the adoption of oil and as a consequence nearly all the locomotives in the Southwest, both freight and passenger, have been changed from coal to oil burners. This almost general adoption of crude oil as a locomotive fuel has lead to the improvement of the burners and necessary apparatus. The original underlying principle still remains the same, but many better methods of admitting air to the firebox have been devised and with the present standard equipment of the Southern Pacific Company, which will be described in this article, the amount of air entering the firebox can be regulated to suit the amount of oil. Since a fire cannot exist without oxygen, the regulation of the air entering a firebox is an important factor with any kind of fuel, but the seemingly gaseous origin of an oil flame requires a proportionate mixture with oxygen in order to obtain good results.

In order that the reader may more fully understand the ideas embodied in an oil burning apparatus, it may be well to briefly describe the general method of operation. The two systems mostly used are known as the "pressure system" and the "gravity

system." The oil in a pressure system is carried to the burner under pressure, and necessitates the use of a pressure pump, which delivers the oil from the supply tank to the burner. In order that the pressure will be constant, an air drum is employed. The drum being on the "oil line," is partially filled with oil, thus compressing the air above the oil, which in turn expands during any variation in the stroke of the pump. This method is almost universally used for stationary boilers. In the gravity system the oil flows to the burner by gravity, the supply tank necessarily being above the level of the burner. The gravity system is seldom used for stationary boilers, but it is the only system found in locomotive equipments. The burner is the device which sprays the oil into the fire. There are many kinds in use, but they work so nearly alike that there is little difference among them. They may, however, be divided into two classes, "internal mixers" and "external mixers." The "atomizer" is the spray of steam which issues from the steam jet in the burner. Its purpose is to carry oil into the fire in the form of atoms, which is the nearest approach to a gas that can be economically attained. An internal mixing burner is one in which the oil mixes with the atomizer before it finally leaves the burner, while in an external mixing burner the atomizer mixes with the oil after it has left the burner. This is accomplished by placing the atomizer jet under the oil conduit, thus allowing the oil to drop down upon the spray of steam. Both burners produce a good fire, but the external mixer is believed to be more easily regulated. The steam supply to the atomizer is taken directly from the dome, dry steam being the best for this purpose, and the force of the atomizer is regulated by a globe valve. The quantity of oil delivered to the burner is also controlled by a globe or plug valve. With the apparatus in good condition, to "set" a desired fire the atomizer must be

regulated to suit the amount of oil being taken by the burner. If the atomizer is too strong, the fire is unsteady and roars considerably. Not enough atomizer may cause the oil to drip, which produces black smoke. An experienced fireman can oftentimes set a fire by listening to the roar it produces. The regulation of the dampers can be determined by the amount of smoke issuing from the smoke stack.

The apparatus used to burn oil on a locomotive has the same features as that of a stationary system, and the same principle of operation exists with both. However, the vast difference in the construction of a locomotive firebox and the extreme conditions under which a fire must be kept up, compels the use of several additional parts not necessary with a stationary burner. First we will investigate the arrangement of the firebox. The early locomotive equipments were known as back-end burners, simply meaning that the burner was located at the end of the firebox nearest the tender. With these equipments the walls of the firebox were lined with fire brick to about the height of the firebox door and a sheet iron pan covered with brick was substituted for the grates. A damper was also provided through an opening in the pan. Since the burner was located at the back end of the firebox, the whole force of the fire was directed against the boiler tubes. In order to protect the tubes from such a disastrous temperature, a brick arch had to be introduced. The arch was built directly across the firebox and its weight was largely supported by the pan. The fire was directed against the arch, over which it had to turn before it reached the flues. The arch served its purpose for several years, but it was a very expensive feature, as it could not be made strong enough to withstand the jar of the locomotive. The failure of the arch led to the adoption of the "front-end" burner.

With a front end burner the latest

method of arranging the firebox is to completely close the bottom by having a pan with no opening in it. Air is admitted to the firebox from but two places, one of which is through an adjustable opening in the lower part of the firebox door. The other opening consists of about sixteen short tubes which are placed above and below the burner and parallel to it, extending across the width of the firebox. The amount of air entering this opening can be controlled by a movable wing which opens or closes the tubes. The brickwork consists only in lining the walls and pan, no arch being necessary. The burner is placed a little above the floor of the pan and the force of the fire is now directed toward the firebox door. The tremendous draft caused by the exhaust of the engine creates a strong vacuum in the tubes and smoke stack which can only be filled by air coming through the two openings mentioned in the firebox. The resulting rush of air catches the fire and turns it completely over, which not only adds to the steaming qualities of the locomotive, but also saves the fuel, because the destructiveness of the flame is practically spent when it reaches them. The front-end system has given highly satisfactory results and its adoption is being made general for all classes of service.

The gravity system being used on locomotives, the amount of oil which gets to the burner depends largely upon the condition of the oil. Cold petroleum will barely flow, but when heated it becomes quite thin. In order to insure the glow of oil two attachments are added to the locomotive apparatus not needed with a stationary system. These attachments are the "tank heater" and the "superheater." The tank heater consists of a pipe leading from the boiler to the oil supply tank in the tender. Originally oil heaters were placed in the tank but they were slow in heating the oil. The modern tank heater is called a "direct heater," because the stream is directly

turned into the oil. The steam required to heat the oil is regulated by the fireman; the general method being to turn the steam into the oil until it nearly boils. The valve should then be closed until the oil gets thick again.

The superheater is located on the oil line just before the burner is reached. Its purpose is to finally heat the oil before it is burned. It consists of a small-sized drum through which the oil passes. Inside the drum is a steam coil supplied with steam from the boiler. In cold weather the superheater is kept in operation continuously, but in warm climates neither tank nor superheater are used to any great extent.

The amount of oil which passes to the burner is controlled by a plug valve known as the "firing valve" to which is connected an operating handle in the cab. The handle is adjusted by the fireman and by altering its position more or less oil, as desired, is sent to the burner. The atomizer is controlled by an ordinary globe valve and its adjustment is one of the most difficult tasks connected with the operation of the apparatus. A pipe leading from the boiler to the smoke stack, called the blower, is used to create a draft for the fire when the engine is standing. The force of the blower is regulated by a globe valve also. Opinions vary as to when the blower should be used, but it seems to be an indispensable part of the apparatus.

Now that we have some idea of the arrangement of the locomotive system, it would be pleasant to step over to the round-house and see how an engine is prepared for a trip, and perhaps the engineer may invite us to take a ride so that we can watch an oil burner in actual operation. After all inspections have been made and all running repairs attended to, the boiler is filled and the engine stands in the round-house until its turn comes to take a train. As soon as the engine is "called," which is about an hour and a half before it is

scheduled to leave, the "fire-builder" starts the fire. The blower of the engine is connected to the round-house boiler and the atomizer being on the same line with the blower is also furnished with steam. The dampers are opened and a piece of waste saturated with kerosene is lighted and thrown into the firebox. The firing valve and atomizer are then cautiously opened. It may take a few seconds for the fire to start, but if everything is in good condition no trouble should be experienced. After the fire has heated the brick-work, the firing valve is adjusted to admit oil enough to make the smoke coming from the stack a thin black color. The fire can be left this way until sufficient pressure has accumulated to move the engine. The round-house boiler is then disconnected and the blower and atomizer are supplied by the engine's boiler. The engine is then put in charge of the engineer and fireman.

The prevailing opinion is that firemen who fire oil-burning locomotives have an easy position. From the standpoint of labor the duties imposed upon them are light when compared with the work required of the firemen in the Eastern States. On the other hand an oil fire is sometimes very difficult to handle and it requires skill as well as close attention to fire one properly. The engineer and fireman have to work in harmony as one is dependent upon the other. Assuming that the engine has been coupled to the train and is ready to start we can now climb into the cab and watch the proceedings of the engine crew. The boiler is carrying the working pressure which is about 200 pounds per square inch, and the blower has been "cut down" until it produces just enough draft to keep the fire bright. The engineer and fireman take their places and quietly make the final preparations for the trip. The conductor brings the dispatcher's orders to the engineer and gives the signal to start. The engineer carefully pulls the throttle lever and

at the same time the fireman closes the blower and moves the firing valve handle, allowing more oil to reach the burner. The atomizer valve is also opened wider and the roaring noise of the fire grows much louder. As the engine moves the exhaust blows great volumes of smoke from the stack and occasionally a puff of smoke may come back into the cab through the "peek hole" in the firebox door. As the speed of the engine increases a more steady draft is created and the fireman is enabled to make a closer adjustment of the fire. It is the usual custom for firemen to regulate the fire according to the color and the amount of smoke issuing from the stack. He has to watch the smoke closely and at the same time see that he has enough fire to keep up the working pressure. Too much black smoke is a waste of oil and indicates that the firing valve should be closed two or three graduations. Blue gas coming from the stack is a sign that the atomizer is too strong, or not enough oil. Gray smoke is usually caused by the fire going out, but it also appears if there is water in the oil. No smoke at all is an indication of complete combustion, but firemen, as a rule, do not believe in entirely "smokeless" firing. The most successful method is to keep the fire on the verge of black smoke.

Oil burners do not throw out cinders, which is a comfort to the passengers, but in a sense is detrimental to the steaming qualities of the engine. With a coal fire soot, which is a non-conductor of heat, cannot form on the flues on account of the continuous scouring of the cinders. An oil fire makes a great deal of soot which clings to the flues and there being no cinders to cut it off some other means has to be resorted to. For this purpose a box of sand is carried in the cab. When the pressure in the boiler begins to fall back in spite of a good fire, the fireman places a funnel in the peek-hole of the firebox door and then throws three or four quarts of

sand through the funnel. The strong draft carries the sand through the flues cutting away the soot. Most of the sand lodges in the front end, but a good deal goes out of the stack with the soot. With an ordinary train the fireman "sands her out" about once in twenty miles, but if the engine is a poor steamer sanding has to be resorted to oftener.

When the engineer closes the throttle the fireman nearly closes the firing valve and reduces the atomizer. At the same time he partly opens the blower. If the pressure is high the safety valve can be kept down by opening the injector. When the engine is standing the dampers should be closed and the fire cut down so that it will barely hold the pressure in the boiler. It is quite a difficult operation to set a small fire and it takes only an experienced hand to obtain the correct regulation. Trouble is often experienced in descending grades; the continuous fanning of the fire, which is necessarily small, oftentimes puts it entirely out.

The intense heat of an oil flame affects the ordinary firebox much more than if a coal fire was used. The life of the firebox is shortened a little, but taking into consideration the cheapness of the fuel and its high thermal value, this disadvantage is practically offset. The fireman's work is put upon a higher level than that of a coal heaver and he is enabled to give closer attention to his other duties. The use of oil as fuel for locomotives has been entirely successful, and there is no question but what locomotives fired with it can maintain as high speed as if using the best quality of steam coal and a freight locomotive burning oil can haul as heavy a trainload as any coal burner of equal size in existence. It may be fitting to mention here that recent progress made in the Western railroad world owes a world of thanks to the discovery of petroleum in that section of the country.

Ralph L. Coleman, '07.

Medicants I Have Known

In the East, one of the chief things that strikes a person is the beggars. They are everywhere and no city or place is free from them. They may be divided into two classes: those that have a reason for wanting something and those that haven't. It is difficult to say which are most numerous.

In the first class may be placed the veterans of the war. They are not the most numerous class, but are one of the queerest. They are to be found in Japan and supposed to have been injured fighting Russia. They all have some deformity or have met with some accident. Spinal curvature, hip-disease or a limb lacking are some qualifications. I am morally certain one fellow had nothing worse than double joints. Their outfit consists of a tiny sailor hat, with a band inscribed with Japanese characters purporting to be the name of a Japanese warship, but advertising beer for all a foreigner can tell, and a pair of stout wooden crutches about two feet long. Wearing the cap or extending it to receive your gratuity and squatting on the little crutches they will wait for half an hour while you haggle with a shop-keeper for a bolt of crepe or Buddha in bronze. They will follow a person from store to store the whole length of Honchidori without any encouragement whatever and apparently no prospect of getting anything. All the time they will emit a dismal sound which may be imitated fairly by first crying in self-pity and then making a gurgle ending in the word "cumshaw." It sounds something like "Gimme a lidde cumshaw" and means about the same thing. This sound is the set phrase for all beggars, Japanese or Chinese.

A "cumshaw," it must be known, is an Orientalism, meaning a gift or present of any kind. It originated in old days before we acquired the Philippines, when the coal for the China squadron was purchased

by bid from Oriental dealers. These persons offered a large reward to the officer who took up the bids in order to get their offer accepted. This money was known as a "cumshaw," but the word has finally weakened to mean a gratuity of any kind.

If these beggars are not given something, they exhibit their various deformities and cry in a manner no white baby ever dreamed of. It is hard on the temper to see a man who should be earning a living by day labor on a section gang limping around on a pair of crutches that would go in a suit case and crying as though a fixed jury had acquitted his father's murderer.

Another kind of military mendicant is the temple guards of the Canton temples. These persons are supposed to patrol the sacred precincts and are armed to the teeth for that purpose. As far as ancient armor and dirks are concerned, their equipment is complete, but their firearms are not the latest out to say the least. They are of all descriptions, the majority being of the hammerless action—being fired by a coal from a pipe dropped into a hole in the barrel. They might kill an enemy if you could induce him to fire one. These are, however, merely their insignia of office, scepters so to speak, indicative of their position. They meet the tourist at the temple gate and before his chair is set down, have held him up for all they can get. If he has a good guide he gets off lightly. They follow one around as though afraid he might drop a quarter and no one be there to grab it.

In the same interesting city of misery and smells are the so-called "Cities of the Dead." This place is situated some distance outside the city walls and is where the dead are kept until the period of mourning is over. It is divided up into hundreds of little stone houses and is kept wonderfully neat and clean, with small

gardens around each house. To these houses the dead are brought and kept for a week to two months, according to the circumstances of the relatives of the deceased. During this time the deceased is mourned and his ancestors are invoked and incense is burned. Then he is taken out and quietly buried somewhere in the hills back of the city. Around this place gather the little blind children. They come here particularly because at the funeral of a wealthy person it is customary to give large sums to charity. With a little fellow to guide them, they flock around a visitor's chair with hands outstretched, shrilly beseeching alms. I think one may give more charitably here than in any other place in the Orient.

Another place full of as numerous, though less worthy beggars, is the jail. Here all the criminals join in grabbing you through the bars of their doors and clamorously appealing to you for money. They will steal from you if possible and are unpleasant people generally. This dislike is not weakened by the warden speaking to your guide, who will say, "Be careful not to touch them; we keep a good many lepers."

Another character is the white sailor "on the beach." He is generally a hard-looking personage, having either been left by his ship while drunk or deserted. Hongkong and Nagasaki, especially the latter, are the great places for these "beach-combers." One will come up to you and touching his cap will show you credentials from the chief engineer of the Shawmut, lying at Kowloon, entitling him to a job. He will only want ten cents to get across the ferry. I always gave them ferry money, just because they were white, although warned not to do so by experienced friends. It came in well once, however, as one of the men I had aided was on our ship coming home and he did several things for me that amply repaid the ferry toll.

A strange manner of begging is practised at Woo-sung, the seaport of Shanghai.

The river is here so shallow that the steamers cannot go past the place. Everyone gets into the tug to go to Shanghai, and the ship lays over. When he returns he finds little boats clustered around the sides of the ship. The people in these boats take great poles of bamboo, which they fit together after the manner of the collapsible fishing pole. When these are about fifty feet long, they rear them up on end and the people on the ship are requested to put some money in the little net hung at the end. In this way they get money, although they are not allowed aboard the ship. The originality of the scheme strikes a foreigner and he generally loosens up. By this method the people get enough to live between steamers.

Other Chinese marine beggars are to be found at Canton on the river. The steamers from Hongkong bring tourists and foreigners up to the city and they are the patrons of these water-rats. Their business is to carry people ashore as the ships cannot come close to the banks. Their boats drift down the river in the night and in the early morning, as the steamer goes past them, they jump from their own boats to the steamer's side ladder as a boy jumps on a moving street car.

The steamers do not regard them in the least and often run them down. As the steamer I went up on was nearing the city, a small sampan tried to cross in front of us. We hit them squarely, crushing them like an egg shell and a man, a woman and a baby were thrown into the water. I was horrified that we did not stop, but the French mate said: "Das a'righ', ma boy; we hit two, t'ree mos' every time. Maybe one, two get drown; not do us any harm."

A more familiar type is the diving beggar. Every one has seen or heard of the Kanaka divers at Honolulu. Another race

that follows the same calling are the Moros of Zamboanga. This town is on a point extending far out from the island of Mindanao, and in consequence of its exposed position a terrific tide runs through the harbor. Trained by this current, the natives become wonderfully fine swimmers. They are not so graceful as the Kanakas, but are in every way their superiors in point of speed and endurance. They come out in out-rigger canoes and dive for "medias pesetas." They will not dive for coppers, as they are not easily seen in the water, so it is rather an expensive pleasure to see them swim.

A class of mendicants by themselves is the holymen or pilgrims of Japan. They do not force themselves on a traveler as the people give them lodgings and the temples aid them. They may be found at all the great shrines, both Shinto and Buddhist, and the bells on their staffs may be heard on almost every highway. On the mountain above Lake Birva, near Kyoto, stands a great temple, the first Buddhist temple in Japan. It is surrounded by a great forest of cryptomerias, a tree resembling a cedar. In front of the temple is an open court yard, retained by a stone bulk head more than a hundred feet high,

up which a stairway wanders. In the center of this court is an immense tree resembling an oak. A pipe has been driven into the trunk a few feet from the base and pilgrims come from far and near to drink of the icy water that flows from it. On the steps of the temple is a great box as big as a bath tub. Its top is protected from thieves by stout wooden bars and the cover is hopper-shaped. This is an offering-box, into which visitors put as much as they are able. Its gatherings go to aid the pilgrims. The amount raised may be imagined when a priest tells you that in the days of the Shogunate on great festivals it was more than filled in a single day.

Besides these people are those who want money on general principles. It is they who follow your chair for miles in any of the less frequented cities of China. The children seem to have the habit bred in them, for they leave their play as a foreigner comes in sight to hold up a hand and ask for a gift.

In spite of the fact that the greater part of them are obnoxious and force themselves on the tourist too much, they are a part of the local color and the East would not be complete without them.

Stuart G. Wilder, '08.



The Storm

A rustling midst the fallen leaves,
A sudden waft of restless air;
We know the sharp cool breeze,
And feel the moisture there.

The sun is curtained by a cloud,
And swiftly the day is blurred;
The treetops high are bowed,
While soft their sighs are heard.

An increase in the fierceness
Of the little gales we see;
At length with pent-up rage, they sweep
The walks of small debris.

With vivid glare made clearer
By the deep dark gloom;
The flashing storm's torch-bearer,
Precedes the thunder's boom.

After a moment's pause, we hear
The echoing of that grand encore;
Tossed from afar to valley near,
And then renewed as oft before.

Heralded with flash of livid glare,
And boisterous blast redoubled,
Comes the slanting rain from where
The heavens seem most troubled.

"Tis but a moment and the fury,
Of all this great campaign
Is full upon us; trying to bury
Helpless earth 'neath a flood of rain.

The battle rages as of old,
We know not who the victor'll be;
But as the fury's ire is roused, so
Will his strength endure, then flee.

In one last gust, the wild
Untamed elements of the blast
Exhaust their rage, beguiled
By an unseen spirit, stand aghast.

The invader, weakened, now soon retreats,
The veil of dusk is slowly lifted;
And sunlight once more greets
The glistening world, undaunted.

Chas. H. Branstetter, '08.

The Call of the Moose

In the depths of the solemn wild-wood,
Where the foot of man treads not,
And the deer each other follow
O'er the limitless grassy plot,
When the golden sun is sinking
And the owl from his haunts must go,
Comes the clear-cut call of the moose
From the valley far below.
With ears alert he listens,
And back comes the same clear call,
Then off he bounds to join his mate,
'Ere the shades of evening fall.

H. T. Tice, '07.

The Scoop

One by one they came into the office, their center of attraction on that troubled morning of April 18th.

Among the first men to come in were two reporters, one of them half-clad, the chief pressman, and Woods himself.

Woods had risen from being a paper carrier in boyhood, from first one position to a higher one, until he had grown to be chief circulator on a large Eastern paper. On the death of his uncle he received a small fortune. Immediately he came West and incorporated a stock newspaper company.

What he had started to do, all others had failed in so far, as publish a daily paper in San Francisco at one cent per copy.

The paper, the *Record*, started out as many papers do, quietly. After two years the *Record* had grown so that new quarters were necessary.

And now the new plant, fully equipped and just completed, stood right in the path of the flames. But Woods was not discouraged. The wires that conveyed the power to run the presses were broken, and the huge machines stood as silent and useless as blocks of stone.

What was to be done? With the air clouded with wild rumors, and an impatient public clamoring for details, an "extra" must be issued. But with presses useless and with no generating power, no gas to melt type metal or run linotypes, the situation seemed lost.

Woods thought a minute. The flames would reach the *Record* office sooner than they would the Monarch Printing Company's establishment.

The owner of the Monarch Printing Company was soon being urged into Woods' proposition.

In the printing office there were two Gordon cylinder presses that were run by power, but had emergency cranks so that

they could be run by hand, and a large stock of yellow bill paper. No power though. Never mind that, the "boys" would run the heavy presses by hand.

Up came the typesetters from the *Record*; up came the sleeves, and from the cases of "pied type" and broken plaster, they took off their "copy" and began to set up the forms. The copy was made up from reports brought in by the two reporters and by the carrier who had proved equal to the occasion, and who brought in reports of dead and wounded, of overturned buildings and upheaved streets.

The "copy" was carried for three blocks through a struggling mob, by swift-footed carrier boys, who sped along from the *Record* editorial rooms to the *Monarch* office, eager for a chance to help.

The Monarch Printing Company stood on Mission street, near Ninth, and the fire was passed Seventh now, coming in leaps and bounds to the spot where *Record* men labored like fiends at their painfully slow work, striving for all that was in them to complete their forms before the flames should interfere.

The fire was across Eighth before the forms were locked in their beds and the first *Record* was struck off, while two men strained at the cranks, grinding out a steady stream of papers—papers that were fourteen by sixteen inches and printed on one side only. Papers, yes, papers! and the only ones to be printed in San Francisco for eighteen days, too!

The *Record* had "scooped." It had done what all of its larger rivals had failed to do; it had issued an "extra."

Three-quarters of an hour after the first moist copy was snatched from the press, a militia man stuck his head in through the doorway. "Come on now, we're gon'a dynamite," he cried.

"Alright," came back the weary but jubilant answer.

They went.

A minute later, a dull crash above the roar of flames, and the *Monarch* office crumbled in a heap.

That night Woods and his men wandered

through the streets in various parts of town, some dazed and confused, others filled with mingled pity and horror for their burning city, but above it all, in each man's secret soul there pulsed and beat with ocean-like regularity, one joyful thought, "We've scooped."

John E. Raber, '10.

Tr-r-ragedy !

It was the one topic, morning, noon and night, in the class rooms, the halls and on the playgrounds. The boys, after discussing it at school, went home to their parents and into the sympathetic ears of their younger brothers told their tale. It was a thrilling tale, a story of how the Ormond High football team had fought a hard sub-league series, how they had defeated Lexiton, Herold and Morton, and how they were, for the first time in twelve years, in reach of the cup, the possession of which would give them not only the High School Championship of the State but of the whole Middle West. And now, in the finals, they were to meet Clayston. Clayston and Ormond were old baseball and track rivals. Clayston had been beaten in the last field day by one and a half points, and in the season just past, that of the spring of 1905, Clayston had taken the baseball cup from its rivals.

On the day of the final meet, the Ormond team was happy, and the school was confident. All during the series, the team had shown up well; every man on it was a tower of strength; every one knew the game.

But the one upon whom the school chiefly depended was Jack Winton, captain and quarterback. All through the season he had been the star of the game. He was as strong as a bull, and his brain was as clear as crystal. Not once during the whole season had he made a large mistake, or been

caught sleeping, not once but in time of depression and seeming defeat had he been there with his cheery words and smile—and on that memorable day as he led his team on the field the hopes and the expectations of his schoolmates were based on him.

His team received the ball on the kickoff, and under the masterly brain of its captain it bucked up the field, sometimes two yards, sometimes more, but always enough to hear, on the end of three downs, "Ormond's ball, first down, five yards to gain."

At last, after one fierce play, the mainstay of the team lay still on the ground. The doctor ran out, and after a short examination of Jack's left shoulder, said "It's broken."

As Jack heard these words tears sprang to his eyes, and he started to cry like a baby. But as he saw the downcast looks of his teammates, his manhood gained the upper hand, and with a smile and a shout he rose to his feet and called, "Signals."

The news reached the Ormond rooters, "His shoulder is broken, but he won't give in." And oh! what a cheer arose, a cheer for the hero, the idol. The cheer reached the ears of the captain, and smiling, he said to his team, "For a school such as that, I'd play with ten broken bones."

Ah, how little did he know how those words would be fulfilled.

The game went on. But the rest had given Clayston time to recuperate, and

soon Ormond had held for downs. Then the ball was given to Clayston, and on a skillful trick, the left end passed around the other end, and making a wide circuit from Winton started for the goal. But Jack was after him like a flash and downed him on the twenty-yard line.

Twice Clayton attempted to buck, and twice they were thrown back. At the end of the second buck Winton again lay still. Again the soul struggle went on, and again the cheery words were passed to the bleachers, "It's only his right leg broken above the knee. He'll still be able to play."

After being thus twice held for downs, Clayston attempted a field goal, and true to the kickers' aim the ball sailed gracefully between the posts. Clayston 4, Ormond 0. Now was it Clayston's time to cheer! Now did Ormond look downcast. And the life seemed taken out of Ormond's team. Twice more during that half were they forced back to their five-yard line, but twice did they rise to the occasion and hurl Clayston back. And so the half ended—4 to 0.

In the tent the coach was trying to persuade Winton to leave the game, but he tried in vain. Winton knew, and the rest of the team knew, that Jack was the only one who could give them confidence enough to snatch victory from defeat.

And so, at the beginning of the second half, Winton, with his broken leg and shoulder, was still in the game. Again the team started toward the goal, and once more, after a hard play, Jack again lay

still on the ground. After a few seconds, the Ormond rooters heard, "It's only his other shoulder broken, he'll still be able to play."

But this accident to his second shoulder put him in such a position that he could no longer catch and pass the ball. He shifted himself to half, where he could still give the signals to run the team.

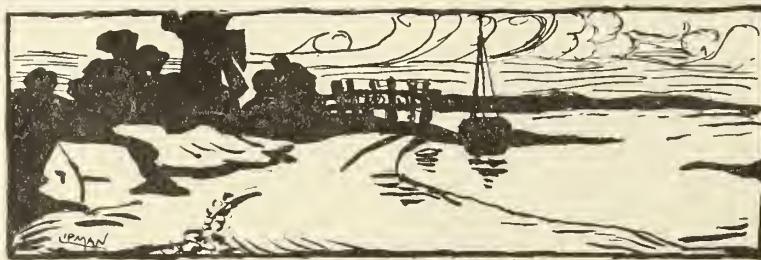
Bad luck now seemed to have fallen upon the Ormond team, for the Clayston bunch always prevented them from making the necessary goal, and twice more Winton was hurt—once with a broken ankle and once with a broken neck! But his grit was such that he would not give in, and the sandy young player kept on in the game.

Finally there were two minutes left in which to play, and Clayston had the ball within five yards of the goal.

The ball was snapped back, the Clayston back was not in place, and the ball was fumbled. Jack was upon it in a second, and being unable to use either his hands or his legs, he took the laces in his teeth, and started to roll up the 105 yards to his goal. And oh! how he did roll. Several men tried to fall on him, but he dodged them, and at last, amid the frenzied shouts of his schoolmates, he crossed the line just before the whistle blew.

That boy was a hero. He kept in the game with a broken ankle, leg, two broken shoulders and a broken neck, and in the last few seconds of play rolled, yes rolled 105 yards to a touchdown and to victory.

Arnold T. Brown, '07.



Secret Service

The evenings going east to New York were extremely dreary, and my friend Gordons and myself didn't know how to beguile the time.

Gordons had been at the head of the U. S. Secret Service Department for many years and was a man of ripe experience, but extremely reticent of exploiting his adventures.

At last, however, I prevailed upon him to relate one, promising to bother him no more.

"Well," he began, "this happened about ten years ago. I was sent for by the Secretary of the Treasury, and on entering his office found him sitting in close consultation with Williams, the head of the note-experts, over what looked to me like a currency note; both of them were scrutinizing it with long-drawn faces.

"At first neither took the slightest notice of my presence; then the Secretary looked up and, without a word, handed me a ten-dollar greenback.

"Being somewhat expert in these matters myself, I examined it carefully, even resorting to my magnifying glass. I found the note without a flaw and glanced inquiringly at the Secretary.

"As if in answer to my unspoken question, he glanced at me quickly and asked, 'You find it genuine?' 'Perfect,' I answered. 'Nevertheless, it is a counterfeit so cleverly executed that it has passed all our departments up to Mr. Williams here, without being detected. This is a very serious thing, Gordons, and means that about \$500,000 worth of paper currency be declared non-payable and counterfeit.'

"As he said this, he rose and took from the steel vault in his private safe, a piece of paper. 'Here,' he said, handing me the paper, 'is a list of the names of the ten greatest engravers in the world and the only ones clever enough to perpetrate work

like this. You will devote your entire attention to this, Gordons, and inspect the morals of each engraver until sure of his innocence.'

"I thanked him for the list and assured him that I would do my best to bring the counterfeiter to light.

"Well, sir, it took me a year to hunt up and study those men, but at last the task was accomplished for nine of them, and I felt quite satisfied that it was not their doings which was causing so much trouble.

"The last name on the list was an engraver called Rogers, and the list stated that he lived in Springfield, Illinois. I, therefore, sojourned to the place, only to find that he had gone—no one knew where.

"While in Springfield I received the following Government dispatch:" Here Gordons took from his pocketbook an old telegram and read it off:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1884.

"*Chief of the S. S. Gordons—*

"*Springfield, Illinois.*

"I wish you to drop, for the present, your apparently fruitless chase, as you are needed nearer home. I am informed by Lieut. Rainold, of your service, that a certain cigar factory in Philadelphia is exporting thousands of stamped boxes of cigars, while our internal revenue receipts prove that comparatively few stamps have been purchased. Investigate.

"TRAMFIELD."

"I was extremely pleased at receiving this message," continued Gordons, "as I was both tired and disappointed at my failure to catch the counterfeiter, and was delighted that, instead of chasing all over the country after one man, I had some definite destination.

"I at once removed to Philadelphia, and after engaging rooms in a hotel, went to

look at the cigar factory and if possible, secure some place from which my agents could watch unobserved the events which happened in the factory.

"On arriving in front of the cigar place, I noted that it was a large, old-fashioned building, but still built extremely solid. Across the street was an old rickety shack whose parlor window looked directly on the factory. This, I decided, was the place to station an agent. I therefore crossed the street and rang the bell. As the door opened for me I heard the sounds of someone crying and then it was, for the first time, I noticed a large piano van standing directly in front of the door, and even as I stood there, two expressmen rolled out a large, old-fashioned, piano. I immediately associated the crying with the removal of the piano and inquired the cause of the woman who opened the door. She mumbled something to the effect that they were poor and the landlord was carting off their piano for non-payment of rent. She also said that it was her daughter who was crying because of the loss.

"I then made my offer to engage her parlor and as she accepted, I paid her two months' rent in advance. She showed me into the parlor and hurried off to pay the rent and have the piano brought back.

"In the parlor I found a girl of 17 or 18, neatly dressed and she would have been pretty if it had not been for the tears that stained her cheeks. I took no notice of her but sat down, deciding not to speak until the piano came back.

"This event was not long in coming and as I perceived that she had brightened considerably since its reinstatement in its old place, I went over and spoke to her, telling her that I had engaged her mother's parlor, and that, if she had no work to do, I would like to engage her for two months at \$10 a week. She readily accepted and I then proceeded to inform her of the nature of the work.

"I told her that I had a brother who had run away from home and become a drunkard, and that I was trying to find him and bring him home to my old broken-hearted mother. 'And,' I continued 'I have heard that he works for the cigar factory across the street. You will, therefore, do nothing but sit at that window with the shutters opened just enough to enable you to watch the factory door and you will write out in full all that you see, leaving nothing to your memory.' I then paid her for the first week and left.

"For two weeks I did nothing. At the end of that time I had received enough notes from the girl to plan out a course.

"These notes informed me that every morning an office boy came and unlocked the door and every evening at seven he closed it.

"This was an important point and I sent one of my agents down to get the boy as he came home from the factory. The agent accosted him somewhat in this manner:

"Say, son, want to earn a quarter?"

"You bet."

"Well, then, take this package up to Mr. Jones at the Holland House."

"When the boy arrived at the Holland House I was there to meet him in my room, and as he was delivering his package I slipped a dollar into his hand. 'By the way, son,' I said, 'who do you work for?'

"He said he worked for the cigar factory.

"How much do you get?"

"Five dollars a week."

"Want to earn ten?" I inquired.

"Sure."

"Well," I said, "maybe I'll give you a job as usher in my theatre." I touched the bell and one of my agents entered. "Say, John, got any usher suits?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, try one on this lad."

"Take off your clothes, son," I said.

"He proceeded to do so. When he had

finished dressing, I had him taken into another room to try on the suit. While he was there I dug down into his trouser's pockets and took the key to the factory from one of them. I then copied its number on a piece of paper and replaced the key, signalling to my assistant that I had finished. He entered and said that the suit would not fit.

"Well," I said to the boy, "I'll let you know in a week or so if I need you. It will be time enough to order the suit then."

He then put on his clothes again and left.

"As soon as he had gone I rushed over to the Yale lock factory, who keep a duplicate of every key they make.

"Give me the duplicate of 19,436," I said. On receiving the key I left and went home to my hotel to sleep, for I knew that I would be up till early next morning.

"That night I visited the factory. I found that the key which I had procured readily fitted the door, and I entered, opening the slide of my dark lantern just enough to allow me to see ahead, and a 48 Colt's in my right hand. As I was going through the door which led from the office to the factory, the rays of my lantern struck something which glimmered and vanished again. I knelt down and pushed the slide of the lantern to its full capacity and saw threads of the thinnest quality stretched from one side of the door to the other and fashioned with a piece of shoemaker's wax at each end. At once I realized the purpose of these threads, and going down on my chest, managed to crawl beneath it. On the other side, I found what seemed to be a kind of work-shop and walking up to the table I discovered the most complete set of counterfeiting tools that I ever saw. In one corner of the room was a small iron safe which I made up my mind contained the plate I was looking for.

"I visited the factory every night for two weeks, endeavoring to open this safe.

It was an old-fashioned safe and had no combination but was secured by a plain strong box lock. I endeavored to force this by trying various keys which I had with me and even took impressions of the lock, endeavoring to have duplicates made, but all to no avail, the lock would not turn.

"One night on entering the office, I noticed a light shining through a crack in the door and knew that the critical time had arrived. Entering the shop, I saw a man standing by the bench evidently engraving something. I at once clapped a pistol to his head.

"Hands up!" I commanded.

"He turned around like a tiger, but, seeing my revolver, obeyed. "Now," I said, "it will be better for you to unearth this whole business. I've got your partners down at the police station, so it's up to you to spout."

"He hesitated a moment and then said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Gordons. I know you and I know you're a man of honor, but I've got a proposition to make to you that won't jeopardize your honor and will make you wealthy. If you'll let me jump from this window to the street—Oh! I know it's two stories, but then that's my risk—not yours, but, as I said, if you'll let me jump from this window, I'll give you \$600,000 cash. Then you can bring on your accusation and no one be any the wiser."

"I am a man of honor," I said, "and I wouldn't remove the barrel of my gun from you for all the money in Christendom. Now, it's up to you to open that safe and allow me to examine its contents."

The counterfeiter took an old rusty nail from the wall and, inserting it in the key hole, jerked the safe open.

"As he did so, I nearly laughed aloud at my own simplicity. Here I had been for weeks endeavoring to turn a lock that was already turned. Nevertheless, I walked over to the safe and emptied it of its contents. These consisted of two articles: one

was the revenue stamp plate—the other one, a ten-dollar bill. I glanced curiously at the counterfeiter.

"Is your name Rogers?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Well, Mr. Rogers, kindly come with me."

"I slipped some handcuffs around his wrists and led him to the nearest police station where he was taken in custody.

"I sent the plates and tools to Washington. Now, let us go into the smoking-car and have a pipe before retiring."

"I forgot to mention," Gordons said, as we were having our smoke, "that two prominent lawyers and Rogers' partner went to prison for ten years. As for the counterfeiter himself, he was sentenced for life. Goodnight."

Robert L. Ackerman, '10.

A-Fire in the Fog

On a late afternoon in March, the steamer "Belle of the Isles" entered the Golden Gate. As she steamed past old Fort Mason, the dense fog familiar to all San Franciscans settled over the waters of the bay, and she was soon enveloped in an impenetrable mass of gray. The passengers, mostly natives of San Francisco, swarmed on deck, hoping to catch a glimpse of the dear old city through some lift or thinning of the fog.

Whistles innumerable greeted the ear, and the powerful steam siren of the "Belle of the Isles" blared into the fog every few minutes.

Far to the right—no, straight ahead—no, to the right, sounded a shrill scream common to the stern-wheeled river boats. Near at hand a deep, base rumble telling of a North Shore ferry rolled through the vapor.

Slowly, the "Belle of the Isles" felt her way, bellowing warningly and awaiting answer. To the left came the uncertain peal of a fog bell, now a whistle, warning mariners off the rocks of Aleatraz. Off the port bows appeared the dim phantom of a passing boat, its siren ever blowing, and to be heard long after the boat was lost in the fog.

Most of the women went below, but the

men, wrapping themselves in great coats, stuck it out.

Captain Hunter paced the bridge nervously; a few deck hands lounged on the forward deck.

Louder and more frequent grew the whistles, a perfect babel, almost one incessant roar.

"O-o-o-o-o-o," floated through the fog, and an answering boom came from the "Belle of the Isles." From the sound she must be approaching the path of the local ferries. Slower and slower she crept along, her siren booming warningly.

Nearer and nearer came the bellow of a Key Route whistle. Those on deck stared into the fog toward whence it seemed to come. Suddenly a cry was heard from the rear of the boat. "Fire! Fire!" A man, coatless and shirtless, came racing forward. The deck hands sprang toward him, the Captain signalled for the engines to cease and gave a few hasty orders to the mate.

A cry from the stern and a burst of flame gave proof that the boat was a-fire, and in an instant all was confusion.

* * *

A heavy fog hung over the bay and surrounding cities as the Key Route ferry-boat, "Yerba Buena," pulled out from her San Francisco slip on the 5:40 trip. She

was well crowded as usual at that hour, and unhesitatingly plunged into the gray mass.

Half speed was reduced to quarter when out a boat length, and the lights of the tall ferry tower faded from view. The passengers, most of whom were business men and women, had their evening paper. Others scanned the fog for signs of passing vessels and tried to locate the sirens which blared on all sides.

Descending night added terrors to the fog-laden bay and the ferry-boat nosed her way slowly through the water.

Far ahead thundered a siren, distinguishable in the din, loudening as the "Yerba Buena" advanced. Now almost upon her, no farther yet; now opposite her bows.

Then, as if controlled by some uncanny hand, the fog lifted and a steamer appeared. Captain Nelson of the "Yerba Buena" signalled "Full speed astern," then "Stop," and awaited developments.

He did not have to wait long, when a cry floated across the intervening water, and he noticed a commotion on the steamer. Then, with a roar, a sheet of flame burst from its stern.

Nelson sprang to his feet and summoned the second officer.

"We've got to see this through. Take the wheel and keep in sight of that steamer," he said, and was gone.

The forward deck of the "Yerba Buena" swarmed with excited passengers, crowding for a sight of the burning steamer.

"Clear this deck, and the lower one, too!" was the Captain's order, and he set to work to execute it.

Tall columns of fire ascended, roaring, from the other boat—frightened humanity crowded its deck.

An officer was seen signaling from her bridge, and Captain Nelson strode to the rail with a megaphone.

"Ship ahoy! Need any help?" he shouted.

"Yes! Stand by and send your boats!"

was the answer, and at Nelson's command the men sprang to the boats, and in a moment they were in the water.

The boats of the other vessel were in use and in a few moments one was alongside.

"What ship?" demanded Nelson, as the load boarded the "Yerba Buena."

"'Belle of the Isles,' Captain Hunter," was the answer, and the boat was away again.

On board the steamer those of the crew who had not manned the boats were making a useless attempt to extinguish the fire, which was steadily gaining headway.

A fierce blaze encircled the base of a mast, flashing upward and burning brightly in the shrouds. On this they turned the hose, but a moment later, with a terrible cracking and rending of timber, the mast, first leaning slightly, then more, and with a final roar and crash, fell. The flames leaped higher and higher in one magnificent cone, then spreading, forcing, inch by inch and foot by foot, the fighters backward, eating away at the ship, and roaring meanwhile, like a huge cat purring. The rear of the ship was a raging furnace, and the thin stream of the fighters had no effect.

"What's the cargo?" Nelson asked of the officer in charge of the next boat.

"Three thousand kegs of giant powder and dynamite, stored forward, sir," was the answer.

"Holy Hell!" ejaculated Nelson, pacing the deck, and glaring at the fire.

Passengers were being quickly transferred from the steamer to the ferryboat, and already one of the yawls had been hauled on deck.

The fog still held, and now and then cast a filmy veil between the two ships. Now and then the "Yerba Buena" drifted near enough to hear the roar and crackling of the flames, which steadily drove the remaining passengers farther and farther forward, by the intense heat.

"How many more?" inquired Nelson anxiously, as lifeboat three of the "Belle of the Isles" bumped at his feet.

"Five men and the crew," was the reply.

"I'll take this trip," said Nelson, "stay here, and keep out of the way, things are getting pretty warm around here." Ordering the "Yerba Buena's" lifeboat swung into place, he stepped into the tiny craft, and with a parting command to "haul the other lifeboat on deck," he was off the burning ship.

Second Officer Ransing, of the "Yerba Buena," took Nelson's order calmly, and proceeded to put it into effect, while the Captain skillfully navigated No. 3 through the waves.

The last boatload was a heavy one, sinking the craft almost to the rail. Slowly and neatly Nelson made the trip, and finally landed his load.

Almost as he felt the "Belle of the Isles" the terrible flames swept forward, eating everything in their path, devouring the ship bodily. The fire roared in an insane fury—master of the ship, but deprived of its human prey.

As soon as the boat was empty, it was hauled aboard, and Nelson ordered "Full speed ahead."

The fog was lifting, and the "Belle of the Isles" was plainly visible, one roaring mass of flames, a living pillar to the sky.

Nelson and Hunter stood at the rail.

"Hope you get far enough away," said Hunter, "she'll go in a minute."

The words were scarcely uttered when, with a deafening roar, the "Belle of the Isles" rose out of the water, broke, and falling back, sank out of sight.

Willard W. Beatty, '09.

Bert Sampson's Pope-Toledo

Being an enthusiast on the automobile question, Bert Sampson did all in his power to assist Alex Newman, an intimate friend of his, in procuring a touring car in place of his Autocar runabout. Sampson's Pope-Toledo was evidently reliable and powerful, but its appearance did not exactly suit the taste of his chum. After time and talk Newman finally bought himself a Thomas Flyer. The "sped fever" struck him, just as it does every autoist, and so comfortable, pleasant tours soon lost all their enjoyment; he would listen to nothing but speed runs. He even went so far as to stake his Autocar runabout up against five hundred dollars from Sampson, or about half the cost of the runabout. Sampson, who placed much confidence in his Pope-Toledo, readily agreed, and the run was scheduled from the San Francisco City Hall to the city

hall at Stockton. It was also specified that the chauffeurs were to be the owner of the machines, thus allowing each car to carry one occupant only. Equipment was unlimited and consequently, when the time for starting came, the Thomas Flyer had as clumsy an appearance as the Pope -Toledo car, because of the extra supply of tires and repair outfit piled up in the rear seat.

The time for starting finally arrived and both engines were put in motion. No unnecessary noise was evident except a peculiar, slight click on Sampson's rig. But Sampson being somewhat reckless, paid no attention to it and drove rapidly down the freshly watered street. Just after running over a dog, he had to slow down quickly to avoid running into a Third-street car, but the rear wheels skidded and swung

clear around to the opposite direction enough to hit the front end of the street car and thoroughly frighten the passengers. The Thomas coming close behind, plowed square into the front of his opponent's car, but did no more harm than to annihilate the head lights.

The ferry was soon reached, with the Thomas machine in the front. The boat had within one of the limit of machines allowed on board, so Sampson was squeezed out of twenty minutes' time. When Sampson arrived at the Oakland Mole and found Newman there, still cranking his engine, hope returned. Newman had almost lost patience, having lost his twenty minutes' handicap over Sampson, but before long he was also leaving the ground behind. Speed limitations and Oakland police were totally disregarded. Luck was with both tourists, because they crossed the whole city without even a threat of arrest probably because they went too fast to be noticed.

Between Haywards and Niles, Sampson, in the lead, ran into a green autoist, but not at high speed. When Newman caught up, in order to pass the mix-up, he steered to the roadside, but skidded, hitting a pole and running into a fence, fracturing his car in several places. The third party generously offered assistance to make quick repairs. Newman's excitement was growing into nervousness to such a degree that he hardly knew what he was driving at. As soon as the machine was in working order, the "good Samaritan" got in the machine to try it, while Newman stood impatiently and expectantly looking on. But, since the Thomas Flyer was so much better than the stranger's machine and because its identity could easily be destroyed, Newman gradually conceived the idea that the stranger was a defaulter and had run off to stay with his new Thomas. The financial loss was nothing in comparison with the fear of losing the contest, so he wasted

no time in taking the wheel of the stranger's car. Meanwhile the Pope-Toledo had left the scene and was now quite a distance ahead.

Newman set out once more, but didn't get very far before both the front and rear tires on the same side were punctured. Nevertheless, he kept on going until he saw his fellow racer ahead, attempting some kind of repair. After passing him, he tried to remedy his tires by tying the rims around with rope. Of course, speed in these circumstances was out of the question, but "keep moving" was his motto. He went along for miles this way until gradually his engine began to stop. The gasoline tank was dry, and his own machine was gone forever as far as he at present was concerned. Rather than give up, he hired a farmer to tow him to Stockton, about ten miles distant. During the process Sampson came along with a cloud of smoke pouring out of the machine's exhaust. As he passed he told Newman that all of his gasoline had leaked out through the carburetor and the only thing he could get was illuminating oil. Little by little the miles before became miles behind, until after about a whole day's touring, Bert Sampson reached the goal first with Alex Newman a slow second.

The fact of losing his new auto, by theft, and his old runabout, by stake, as well as not winning after all his preserverance, gave Newman a rather despondent feeling. That night Sampson turned in at the nearest hotel, but Newman walked the streets. About midnight the firebell sounded and Sampson looked out the window only to see the garage, where he left his famous Pope-Toledo, one solid mass of flames. In the morning he beheld the worthless ruins of his car, and learned that the only machine saved was the one Alex Newman had used. Newman had wandered around to the shop during the night and had just filled the tank of his auto preparatory for

return to the city, when a spark from his pipe ignited the gasoline supply. More trouble was thus added to his list, as explanations in his predicament were difficult to render or perhaps to accept. However, he was true to his wager and promised to give his Autocar runabout to Sampson.

Late that afternoon Sampson started back for the city with Newman and a doctor or two, arriving late in the evening and firmly convinced that they were ready for no more cross-country races, but rather for six weeks or six months of nervous prostration.

Howard L. Taylor.

Vignettes

The Old Mill

The river winds its babbling stream around the hills. It passes through thickly wooded forests of pine and fur, scented with the sweet-smelling wild flowers intermingled with that of spicy herbs.

A picturesque bridge is in the foreground with a large net hung over the side to dry, while below, the fisherman is sleeping in his small boat.

On the left bank of the river is an old dilapidated structure which was once a mill, but now a place renowned for its traditions and legends.

The roof is completely gone, most of the wheel has been shattered by the strong current and carried far down the river. The sides, a portion of which still remains, are covered with all sorts of designs and decorations made by the many people who visited the place ever since its desertion.

Buescher.

Dusk

Slowly the sun approached the western rim of the ocean, the seagulls collected in flocks on the beach pursuing each wave seaward in search of their evening meal, retreating shoreward as the waves rushed upon the beach, the stragglers forced to rise in the air to escape. Down the beach to the left a lonely couple watched the

waves, while to the right the windows of Fort Miley and the Cliff House blazed as if a-fire. At sea a tug was bringing a barkentine shoreward and a black smudge marked the approach of a steamer, toward which a pilot boat, the guide of the deep, made its way.

Slowly the sun sank into the sea, the bright crimson clouds faded to a deep purple and one by one the seagulls departed. Suddenly far out at sea a light appeared and as one looked it vanished and reappeared and vanished again. It is the Faral-lone light, a signal to watching mariners.

The air grew chilly and slowly the fog gathered and surrounded us. Except for the noises of the night and the fog, the roar of the breakers, the far-off peal of the bell-buoy and the regular cry of a siren, all was still.

H. V. Leffler, '07.

The Old Mission Dolores

What strange fancies and imaginings fill the mind when gazing at the Old Mission and its surroundings!

One sees, as if in a dream, the doors of the ancient church thrown open in answer to the vesper bells. The old padres of the past enter in solemn procession, their loose robes clinging to their ankles at each step. The suspended crucifix swings slowly from

the loose girdle and the little psaltery is folded sacredly in the hands of the pions bearers.

Tiny sunburned children slip in and around the abundant mass of tangled green which now covers the fast-decaying tombstones in the churchyard.

Often from the wing behind the church comes the soft, sweet sound of music. It seems to be the old Spanish Choir, mingled with the low and solemn tones of the organ.

One fancies the interior of the church as the shadows of bygone days have seen it; the center aisle bordered with rows of cold, straight-backed benches.

Beyond in the shadows seems to rise the altar, surmounted by gold candelabra and draped with rare old Spanish lace, while the niches in the walls present their religious burdens, and the censors lie in their places on the altar.

One is almost conscious of the sweet fragrance of incense, as in dim imaginative outline you see the padres kneel reverently and chant their evening prayer.

Henrietta D. Davis, '08.

Noon

It was noon in San Francisco. The sun's rays beat down unmercifully on the enormous area of ruins. How desolate every-

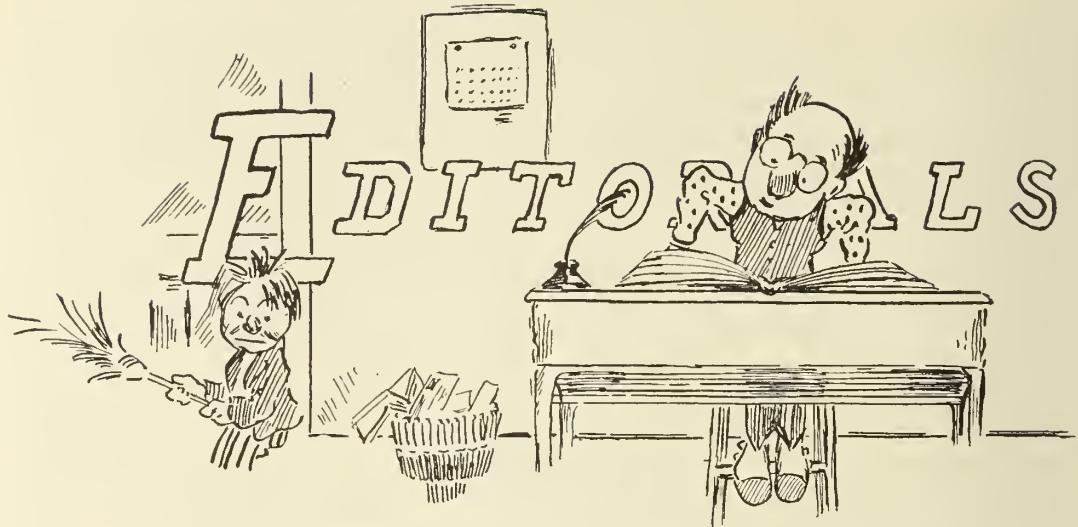
thing looks in the bright glare of the sun! A thick haze like a large cloak seems wrapped about the city. No sound is heard except now and then the clanging of a passing street car. Here and there we see a few men cleaning bricks. Their work is done so mechanically that, as one looks at them doing the same thing over and over, it accents the entire monotony of the situation. Some of the buildings have a few walls or corners left. They look as if they were persons too proud to die, and are trying to hold up their heads. Probably they are remembering their unequalled grandeur of a twelve months' ago when all was a flutter with happy preparation for the holiday season.

Then gala shop windows lined both sides of the busy, well-kept thoroughfares, which were thronged with people of all kinds, eager to buy their share, whether large or small, of the beautiful contents of the many shops. Quaint Italian flower venders stood on the streets, disposing of bunches of bright red berries and these helped to spread the spirit of Christmas.

This year the ruined city will need to be clothed in festal garb with the joyous faces and cheered by the loving words of her loyal people.

Edna C. Haker, '08.





THE TIGER



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LESTER C. UREN, '07.....Business Manager

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George Bromley, '08.....Poetry
Ashleigh Simpson, '09.....Exchanges
Ernest Thompson, '07.
Lester Thompson, '07.....Athletics
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Ralph Ensign, '08.....Joshes
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Clinton Allsopp, '07.... }
Arline Nesbitt, '07.... }.....Shop Notes

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

Lou Knell, '07 George Payne, '08
Paul Miller, '08

The Tiger is published every quarter by the students of the California School of Mechanical Arts (founded by James Lick), at 16th and Utah Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

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The Inter-Class League

Nothing has ever been done here at Lick that could do more to bring out men for

the big teams, than the formation of this League.

* * *

The project of buying a cup has not been fully discussed and will be left to a later date. Nevertheless, all the classes were hard after final honors before the League was fairly started.

The fact alone that spectators are kept off the field, would more than be worth the trouble of organizing the League.

* * *

The thing sought for has been attained. The Freshmen are taking an active interest in the affairs of the school. Heretofore, it has generally taken a class a year or two to wake up. Now, there will be a younger set of enthusiasts ready and eager to take up the work of graduating classes.

The Block Letter

Considerable comment has been expressed lately concerning the L proposition. Many have wondered why the Football Team did not receive their block

letter immediately upon winning the honor. The reason is this—the Board of Control decided to hold a big meeting just before the Christmas Holidays, and award the letter to each winner of this season.

* * *

Now, THE TIGER remembers that a short time ago, Student-Body President Thompson asked for the submission of a song suitable to be sung at the ceremony of presenting the L. So far as we know, none has been written better than the one by George Bromley, '08.

* * *

The song is more of a chant than a jig-tune, which makes it all the more appropri-

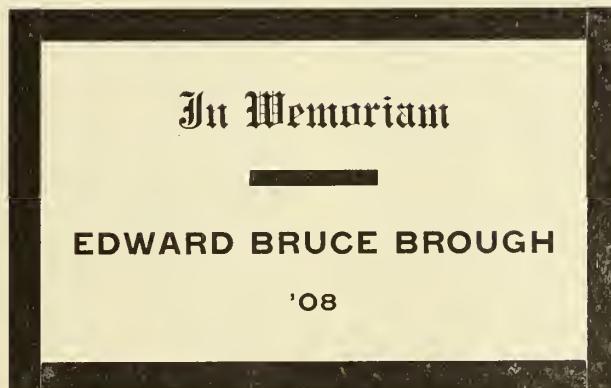
ate. The author states that the music of the piece is easily and quickly learned, and that he is willing to teach it.

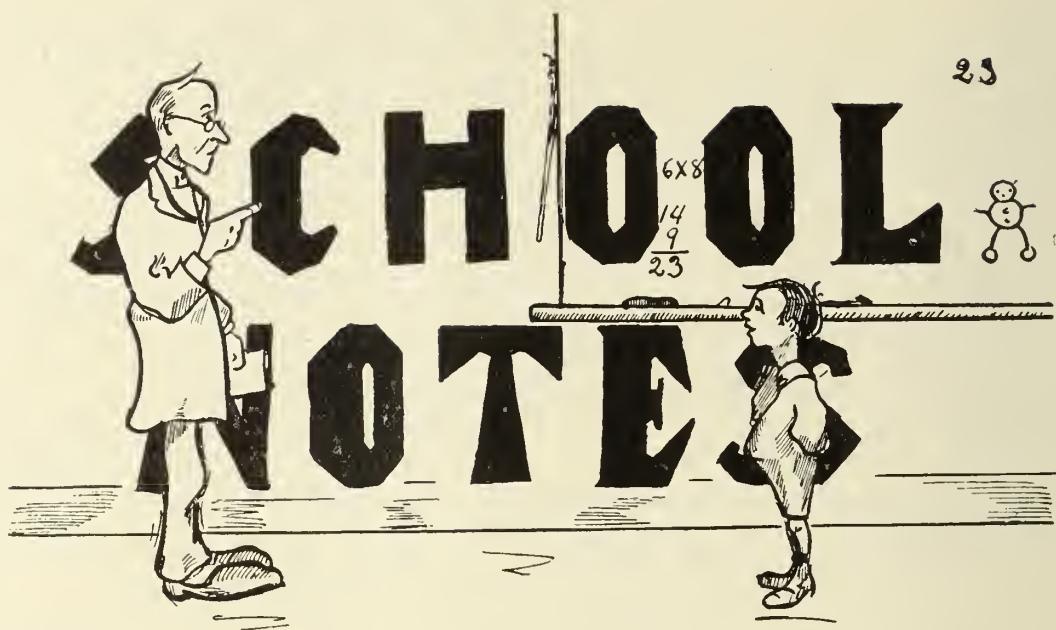
* * *

Why not fifteen or twenty of the old glee club members learn the piece, and then 'twould be easy for the rest. The verse is as yet without a title, but that need not deter us from singing it.

* * *

Get in and learn the song, give it a name, and we will commemorate this Christmas as no other Christmas at Lick has been before.





Fifth Rally The first football rally this term was held on October 11th. Preceding the football talk, track captain Golcher presented the loving cup which was won in the Bay County Field Day. This beautiful cup has been won twice by Oakland and twice by the Lick teams, so next year will most likely decide who will keep it. Owing to the absence of Principal Merrill, President Thompson accepted the prize in behalf of the Student Body.

The next number on the program was a vocal selection by R. Shawhan and the girls, entitled, "Help 'em out." When their voices ceased to ring throughout the corridors "Fat" Merrilees broke the silence with a modest "spiel" on, "The Prospects of Our Team." Dearin was there with praises for the untiring efforts of our coach, Marius Hotchkiss.

Uren spoke on the merits of THE TIGER and "Dad" Padilla, roused to a high pitch of anger, "roasted" the lower classmen royally for their individual remarks and yelling. He then brought out a big "Ali Be Bo," which adjourned the meeting.

Sixth Rally The A. A. L. Field Day rally took place on Friday, October 19th, at 12:30. President Thompson delivered the opening remarks and mentioned the purpose of the meeting.

Golcher was the first to be called upon; he told how badly our track team was crippled and how they would need the school's support more than ever before.

Tufts and Simpson, part of the debating society, fittingly expounded the merits of that organization and its intended reorganization into a literary society. They reminded the students of the Commercial-Lick debate (Nov. 24th) and the need of school support.

Bromley treated swimming in such a thorough manner that one of the Freshmen thought he was drowning and called for help. He related the entire course from the novice swimming "dog fashion" to the expert receiving his L over the "old Lick bench." After spending a little time in relating the strength of our opposing teams, Polytechnic, Commercial,

Lowell and Cogswell, he told of our chances and needs in that line.

The speeches were concluded and songs and yells were tried with little success, owing to the lack of spirit in some of the rooters and their ability to follow the leader.

A rally to prepare the **Seventh Rally** students for the Wilmerding-Lick football game, was held on October 27th. "Ping" Dearin was the first speaker. After complimenting the fellows on their strenuous practice, he begged for the support of the rooters and particularly the track men, who received such good support from the football team.

Arnold Brown sketched briefly the outcome of the past bicycle relays between Lick and Wilmerding and asked for more competition on the Lick team. We want that perpetual challenge to stay in the office perpetually!

Uren told what would happen if each student would secure a quarter page ad for THE TIGER.

Here Mr. Merrill occupied some time on the subject "general principles" and the friendly feeling which has existed between Lick and Wilmerding in the past and present. He urged them to keep the same spirit in the future, even if we should lose the game, and expressed his desire "to see the opposing teams leave the field arm in arm as there are not enough girls to go around."

The meeting adjourned with cheers for the Wilmerding and Lick teams and echoes of "Help 'em out" still linger in the atmosphere.

Although the main purpose of the rally of November 2d was to remind the rooters of the Centerville-Lick game, we were also reminded of the Lick-Commercial

debate. Tufts told what the debating team would do if they had the support of the students, and expressed his confidence in victory for our team.

Bromley spoke on athletics and the league which is to be organized in this city for boys under twenty. Its principal object seems the preparation of boys, athletically, for high school. He earnestly solicited its support.

French told how, when a Freshie, he "used to peek through the office door at the various trophies" and explained how he'd help win one for Lick if his "500 brothers and sisters" would attend the game and help the team along.

After a desperate struggle Perry was forced to the rostrum. He said, "Wait 'til I get my wind! There's goner be a football game tomorrow and we want cher all to come."

The rally closed with Ensign's clever presentation of the new "rally gong" to the Student Body.

At a rally held on November 5th, the football players of the Lick and also the Centerville team were commended on their excellent work. The first speaker was Pres. Thompson. He urged the students to abandon the "funeral aspect" which prevails whenever we meet with defeat in any line and clearly showed who was responsible for our team's defeat. "There's Centerville school consisting of a small bunch, probably twenty fellows and more girls. When football comes 'round all the fellows in the school try out for the team. When their games are played every body in the nearby country, who possibly can, goes to support the team, even though the distance be great. This goes to show how loyalty at least helps to win the game. Here at Lick it is different; the school has won a name that we can well be proud of and the students are be-

ginning to think that rooting is not necessary; in other words, they are overconfident, so when a game is played, few of the students show up and true 'Lick spirit' is not shown."

His speech ended and rousing cheers for the Centerville team were brought forth.

Captain Merrilees enumerated the benefits which were derived from this season's faithful training.

Bromley, in a "well prepared" speech, praised the team, but roasted the students in general. He also expressed his sentiments toward the Academic Athletic League.

Manager Dearin being unable to attend the rally, E. Thompson took his place in commanding some of the individual players. Bell showed his true loyalty in leaving his sick bed to play for the school and Johnson, seeing that we "were up against it," insisted on staying in the game after he had broken his collar bone.

The Girls' Rally The second girls' rally of this year was held in the Physics Lecture room

on the 14th of November, for the purpose of arousing the spirit in the girls.

Clare Hodges called the rally to order and, after a few words, called upon Miss Bertha Knell for a short talk on athletics. She spoke of the new plan of having interclass games. Also that the matches won by the separate class teams would count in an interclass championship. Girls' athletics in this new system would be recognized by the Interclass Athletic League.

Miss Otto favored the idea of interclass contests. She spoke quite a while on interclass versus interscholastic meets.

Miss Southwick was unable to be present and there being no other members of the faculty present, a number of the girls were called upon to give their idea of athletics as it should be done.

Miss Crow, Miss McKeon, Miss Capp,

Miss Bridge, Miss Reynolds and a number of other girls told how athletics should be did.

Miss Otto, just before the close of the rally, suggested that separate meetings be held for the separate branches of athletics.

The rally closed with unusual quietness.

The Camera Club

During the past quarter the membership of the Camera Club has been materially increased. A list of the new members follow: Miss I. Lindstrom, Miss Vera Lindstrom, Miss Harrington, Miss Hunt, Mr. Kingwell, Mr. Smith, Mr. Morbio and Mr. Moelris. This seems to show that some of the students are "waking up" to excellent opportunities offered them by the use of the dark room, materials, etc. But this is not all, for on November second the plans for a theatre party were successfully carried out, and twenty-four members spent a pleasant evening at "The Colonial." Rosettes of black and gold ribbon were worn by all, and each girl received a box of candy.

Manager Kurtzig of "The Colonial" being a photographic enthusiast, extended an invitation to the club for November sixth, and made good with thirty first-class seats. The show was enjoyed and appreciated by all, even though it did bring tears to the eyes of some of the soft-hearted, sympathetic damsels. After it was over eighteen of the bunch journeyed to Techau Tavern, where light refreshments were served.

On both occasions "Frauleins" Otto and Menzel ably filled the position of official chaperons, being fully equipped with the necessary "appliances."

If all goes as is expected, another outing will probably be held before Christmas in the form of a Trolley Party. Any student wishing to participate should join the club immediately.

Debating Society

All of the fun is not monopolized by the athletes. With all well directed hard work, there is relaxation sometime. Witness the last semi-annual convention of the Debating League of California. Our school was ably represented by six members of the Lick Society, Edgar Randall, Ernest Thompson, Harry Dearin, W. C. Wiley, Leslie Oliver and Archibald Tinning. The convention was held in Martinez and was entertained right royally. Most enjoyed by the Lick delegation, perhaps, was the banquet and dance tendered by the girls of Martinez. Success to Alhambra High!

A debate was scheduled with Commercial Evening High School for the evening of the A. A. L. Field Day. As Ernest Thompson of the Lick Team had to run that afternoon, a postponement of a week was asked

for, and courteously granted. The Lick Team had arranged to have Cogswell Hall for that date when Commercial asked for a further postponement. It was, of course, conceded, with, however, the distinct understanding that Commercial should procure a suitable hall for the occasion. As the TIGER goes to press, the matter still stands that way. It is now four weeks since the last agreement, but nothing has been heard of about either hall or debate.

Alumni Farce The '06 farce, entitled "Incog," was successfully presented under the auspices of the Alumni Association on Saturday evening, October 27th. The hall was filled and the audience showed its appreciation of good acting by much applause. The Alumni orchestra furnished the music for the farce, also for the dance that followed.





**The Academician
New York**

Although devoid of any artistic effects is sensibly edited. The editors are wise enough to put all incomprehensible jokes under the specific head of "Local," a thing many other high school papers could profitably imitate.

**The Item
Pasadena, Cal.**

With a whole year at its disposal a high school should be able to publish a journal of some consequence. The *Item*, although well printed and full of good cuts, lacks in the one essential feature of "hanging together." There is absolutely no form about the paper. Not enough stories, too many jokes, poor artistic attempts. Still there is a show of effort to please all in the extensive recognition of organizations. An index would add a deal, and arrangement a deal more.

**The Blue and White
Sacred Heart
College**

Of all the papers we have received, this stands at the head of the class. No attempt is made at art. But the stories, sketches, etc., are beyond criticism. What higher compliment can be paid to a publication?

**The Owl
Fresno, Cal.**

Is a simple, easy paper not bearing of heavy criticism. The stories lack that versatile handling in literature which marks maturity of style, the essence of journalistic success. Under the *Owl* exchange column the following criticism was published: "*The High School Times*, Ft. Madison, Iowa, is surely a yellow journal. Nevertheless, for all its yellowness, it is an excellent paper"—surely this should have been under the heading of "Jokes."

**The Aegis
Oakland, Cal.**

No better bi-weekly comes into our hands. The *Aegis* finds a good corner, a good arrangement, and sticks to them.

**Pacific Pharos
San Jose, Cal.**

Is a university publication. The September edition was good and the October number showed marked improvement over it. Advancement, however, is to be expected from the University of the Pacific.

Normal Record Is a good monthly publication, devoid of art and cuts, it is true, but excused for that by its numerous editions. Good literature also makes up for other faults. And good literature every month is a thing to be marveled at.

The Sibyl Deserving of the **Riverside, Cal.** highest praise for arrangement, stories and the pleasing feature of some California scene pictures. All going to show a school loyal and supporting to the interests of our State.

The Whetstone Is certainly a patriotic paper with its small American flag on a white background. A cover design to tip our hats to, indeed. Inside of the cover are numerous good stories, but no one particular "catch."

The Tocsin A plain, interesting **Santa Clara, Cal.** paper with plenty of high school life in it. "Cuts" would be a pleasing addition.

The Courier We bow down to the **Boise, Idaho** *Courier* despite all faults. No cuts, no art, medium stores—*But*, the one marvelous feature, good jokes.

The Bell Is a paper to be **San Jose, Cal.** prond of, beautifully arranged with a simple symbolic cover, well printed and with good matter to print, it ranks amongst the highest in our eriticism.

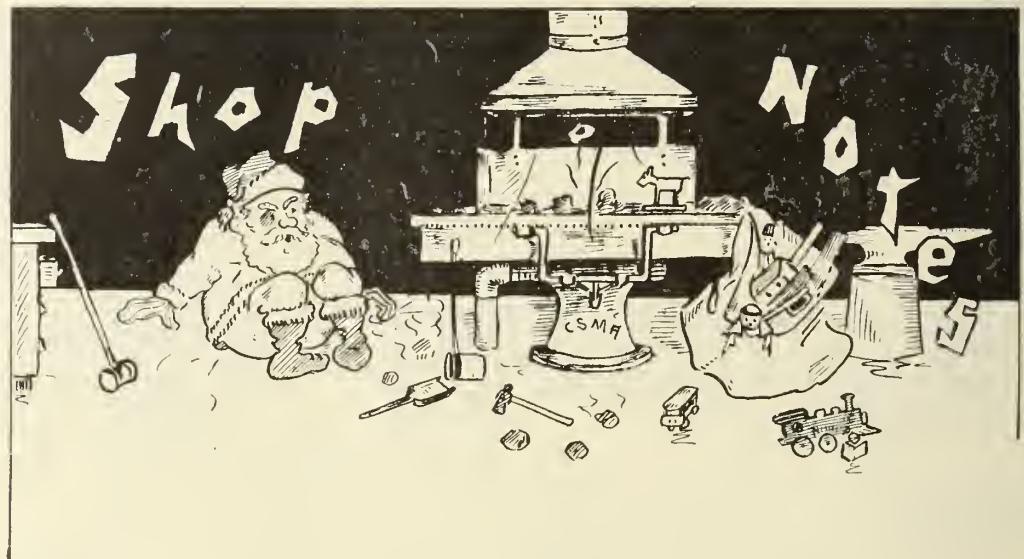
The Sentinel A typieal boys' book, **Los Angeles, Cal.** well published and hence well managed, interesting to any boy within the school or without.

The Cricket Identical almost with **Belmont, Cal.** the *Sentinel*, another military academy paper, to be admired but marveled at *for there are no ads.*

Dictum Est Another plain paper **Red Bluff, Cal.** to be admired for its simplicity and the faet that it gives you the best the school has got, all that can be asked of any journal from an institution so small.

The News A good issue for **St Louis, Mo.** September, gives us the life and standard of a typieal Middle Western paper. Apparent thrift and talent riehly scattered between two substantial covers, eonstitute the make-up of the *Times*.





Wook Word These are busy times in San Francisco. The Freshmen seem to be imbued with this spirit, for it may be said to their credit, that the '10 class have turned out more patterns for their first quarter than any former Freshman class of Lick.

They have, for the most part, finished their joints and are hard at work on lathe exercises. The contract for a set of furnace plate patterns for the San Francisco Reduction Works has been turned over entirely to the Freshmen and they are "making good."

The apprentices are, as usual, doing some fine work. Canham has just finished a set of patterns for some four-inch water pipe branches and is now working hard on a complete set of patterns for a two-cylinder gasoline engine for the Reliable Engine Company.

Herald has a set of six-inch water pipe patterns under way, and, according to Mikkelsen, will have them finished in time to graduate.

Mikkelsen has assumed the position of shop superintendent and has already won a soft spot in the hearts of the Freshmen.

He is quite an expert at repair work, his specialty being joints which Mr. McLenan has refused to accept.

Forge Shop The Sophomores have finished the tedious process of welding, and are well started on their gate hooks and rings. No particularly bad burns have been heard of, so Mr. Mathis feels quite encouraged.

Gardner and Flynn, Senior apprentices, have just finished a set of wrenches for the Sanitary Device Company, and now have a fire escape for the new building under construction.

Foundry The foundry opened the first of this quarter and everything is running smoothly. The boys have done some very creditable work, although no big castings have been attempted as yet.

Prof. LaCoste has some big work in view, and with the installation of a core machine next quarter, we expect to see "something doing."

Machine Shop There is no lack of work in the machine shop, and the boys are hard at it. The Juniors are working on cap and set screws and some of the more advanced ones are already doing lathe work.

The apprentices have been doing a good deal of outside repair work. The big 4x6 hoist has been overhauled and a new set of gears installed. Several special wood boring and pipe cut-off machines are under course of construction, and a twenty-inch drill press is rapidly being rounded into shape.

Mr. Woodman is supplying two "long felt wants" in the way of a new shaft for the emery grinder and a core machine for the foundry.

There are a good many A. C. and D. C. motors being rewound, and the boys are getting quite expert at this.

There is a rumor afloat that Mr. Woodman is the inventor of a machine, which he guarantees will keep "Senior apprentices" in the shop until 4:20. He had intended to install one in the shop this quarter, but on second thought he decided that he would wait until the present Senior class graduates, as there is a possibility of Clapp wearing it out the first week.

Mechanical Drawing

Things are as usual, running smoothly in the drawing room. The first year boys are finishing their exercise sheets and starting their construction sheets. The second year classes are well along on their sectional developments.

The apprentices are all employed on big work.

Brown has just completed designs for a 10x14x12 vertical compound engine, and is now working on a blue printing apparatus for the new building. Hirschfeld has finished designs for a pipe cutting machine, and is now wrestling with plans for a 5x6 double cylinder vertical engine.

Morton and McDonald have designs for two 2,500 h. p. Scotch marine fire tube boilers under way.

Zipf has resigned from the drawing room to accept a position with the W. T. Garrat Company.

Mr. Drew is also conducting a large class of the Seniors through the wonders of Descriptive Geometry.

Chemistry The Sophomore classes, in their first year of chemistry, are doing their prescribed work in fine shape.

The Juniors have about caught up to where they should be in their work, having been handicapped by the loss of three months' work in class last year.

There are but two regular Senior apprentices in this department, Acton and Betolli. They are at present engaged in some very delicate gravimetric determinations of limestone and are also assisting Mr. Tibbetts to perfect some electrolysis apparatus for water analysis.

Mr. Tibbetts is also giving special instruction to Wetmore and Randall, along the line of steel and iron analysis. They will complete by Christmas a good many volumetric analyses of iron ores.

Sewing The sewing room is a scene of thriving industry this quarter, each class seems to be striving to outdo the other. The first year classes are completing their books of practice stitches, and some very commendable examples are to be seen.

The second year class is doing a good deal of practice work, and some of the more advanced have started in on their winter suits.

The third year girls are hard at work on a complete infants outfit.

Last, but not least, come the fair Seniors.

They are doing various kinds of advanced work, including tailor-made suits and divers other interesting and complicated works of art.

Cooking

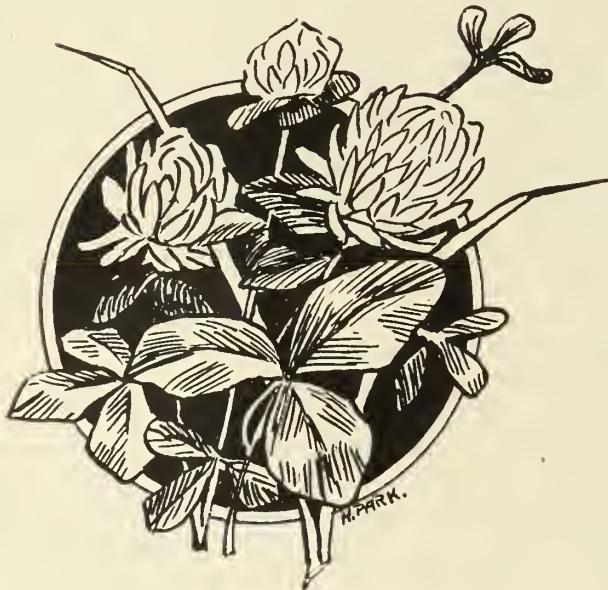
The growing demands of the sewing room have taken so much of Miss Crittenton's time that she has found she cannot devote the proper time to the cooking class. The services of Miss Robinson have

been secured, and although she has been here but a short time, the furrows are already leaving Miss Crittenton's brow.

The girls have nearly finished their breakfast menu and we expect to see something wonderful in the way of luncheons and dinners after Christmas.

The cooking course is divided into three parts. The first two quarters the girls work on a breakfast menu, changing it every week.

The next quarter is devoted to the lunch, and the last quarter takes up the dinner menu, including a full course dinner.





Track

San Francisco Field Day It was the same old story, only much more so.

For Lick to get all the first places but two could leave but two conclusions—either the Lick team was very good or the opposing teams were very bad. The showing made, however, in the following field days leads one to believe the Lick team was up to the proper standard.

For the first time in many meets, Lick did herself proud in the distance races—L. Thompson and Padilla in the mile crossing the tape hand in hand and Lodge capturing the two mile by hanging on to a very fast pace set by a Lowellite and then winning out by a furious finish.

Betolli, after winning his heat in the fifty and qualifying in the hundred, had the misfortune to strain a ligament in his thigh, the accident being so serious he had to be helped home and causing him to retire from the track for the season. He was a sure point winner in the field days this

fall and would have filled the vacant place on the relay team to a nicety and his loss was keenly felt by his teammates.

Every time Bell hit a hurdle you could hear the ring, and although he did not cross the tape first, he still wore his pleasant smile, besides this he rang in two first places, all of which goes to show that in Bell we have "The Ideal Athlete," to wit: A hard tryer with natural abilities and a decent loser.

That our long felt want in the broad jumps has at last been satisfied was shown by the work of Hupp in this and the following field days.

Developing steadily during the past few seasons, Allsopp has faithfully earned the position in the hurdles vacated by Johns, as well as being a strong relay man.

With the old war horses, Butler, Crabtree and Stevens, the relay race was never in doubt.

The score at the end of the day was Lick 89, Lowell 23.

Bay Counties Field Day A more equalized meet has seldom been witnessed.

The bleachers were all well filled and the rooting was almost perfect, with honors about even. It was anybody's victory up to the last second of the relay race. The school that won this race won the day. A more exciting relay race was never witnessed, and the whole day depending on it, made the turmoil even more intense. Golcher opened up a small lead for us in the first lap. During the race this gap was three times closed, Lick and Oakland coming up the stretch side by side, with Berkeley a close second. A slight lead given the final Lick man enabled him to reach the tape first, giving Lick the day by three points. The former relay record was broken, the time being lowered over a second.

Several of our men showed up very well in this meet. Butler won the 220-yard dash by a few feet in fast time. Hupp proved his worth by winning the broad jump. Lodge put up a most gritty race in the two mile and Padilla ran a close second in the half. Bell was all to the good and we were there but a few more weight events we would be able to laugh with fiendish glee at our competitors.

And the cup. Again we claimed it as our own. The cup bore the inscriptions:

C. S. M. A.

O. II. S.

It now has another C. S. M. A. added to it and once more a C. S. M. A. and it will be ours to ramble no more.

Fellows, it's up to us. We have got to get the next B. C. L. meet if it's the only meet we get next spring.

As we look back at this Bay Counties meet we can well be reminded of the song: "A well fought battle ended; a victory nobly won."

The Academic Field Day

One feature of this contest was the splendid rooting of the Lick section. The support was A1, which undoubtedly helps account for the fine showing made by a badly crippled team. Butler was sick and unable to enter the meet at all. Crabtree got out of a sick bed to run a relay lap and Bell was handicapped by the use of an unfamiliar shot.

Captain Golcher captured the hundred with ease, completing the proof that he is the happy exception to the rule that "captains usually fail to make good." Golcher's spikes have not been beaten this season (when worn by himself).

It is the general impression that Ernest Thompson took his blankets over the night before and slept on the 880 yard mark—anyway, he was there when the pistol cracked and redeemed himself for somebody's miserable blunder in the San Francisco Field Day by coming in first.

Padilla ran a good half and gave the Oakland lad a hard rub for second.

The relay race was very unsatisfactory, being full of fouls from start to finish and of slow time.

The team did their best. We all know that. We know, too, that they lost first place in a noble way. We are proud of that. Win or lose, may that same spirit make itself manifest in whatever the sons and daughters of Lick attempt.

Ben, the track fellows will miss you. You have always been an individual point winner and with you on the first lap we have always been sure of the lead that has carried the relay team through to victory. The track team wishes you the best there is in your new undertaking. May your future career in life's work be as brilliant and successful as your past career has been on the Lick track team, is the farewell the school wishes to express.

Football

The Lowell Game

This game was practically a tryout for the big team, every Lick boy being given a chance to show what he could do. The game was poorly played and from the start one sided. Our team was heavier and apparently in much better condition. The Lowell grit, however, was there, and their boys deserve credit for holding the score down to what it was. Captain Duprey, of the Lowell team, played well and repeatedly got through our line and blocked our kicks. Bell was also there; in fact, after his removal the Lick boys were unable to again score. Johnson's work on the defensive was the best possible, nor was he lacking on the offensive. Rodgers kicked a pretty goal in this game. But the shiner, the little fellow whose work was at all times sure and comical, was our end, Perry. The way those one hundred and seventy pounders hit the sod when they came around Perry's end was a reminder of Jack the Giant Killer—and he never seemed to notice it at all.

Sobey played fast and was good for several long and exciting gains.

Black, Gay and Everett all took a chance at end, their work being consistent and steady.

Captain Merrilees handled his team well and played such a speedy aggressive game as to almost incapacitate the opposing center on several occasions.

The score at the end was Lick, 11; Lowell, 2.

Owing to the inaccessibility of the grounds, the rooting sections at this, as well as at the two succeeding games, were very small compared with those of previous years.

The Wilmerding Game This game started off with the excitement at fever heat; both schools were sure of success and yet they were each afraid of the other. The game was

somewhat a repetition of the Lowell game except that the Wilmerding boys were more consistent. It was purely a case of being out classed, the Lick boys averaging much the heavier.

Captain Bronagal kept his team together well, and along with Leib and Willison played very good ball. Wilmerding's men showed the effects of conscientious practice, working their trick plays to advantage on numerous occasions. Their weight handicap, however, prevented them from breaking our line.

John French's playing in this game shows the effects of earnest, faithful work. Two years of good coaching has developed French into a heady, competent player and time and again he tore through the line and broke up Wilmerding's trick plays before they were fairly started, and at least three times during the season he has come so near blocking the opponent's kick as to touch the ball with his hands.

Again Johnson was very much in evidence, his work on the offensive in this game being much better, picking his holes almost at will.

Bell was always in the right place at the right time. No matter which way the team went Bell went after the man with the ball.

Weber's work in this game was clever and gritty as was his colleague Knox, who made a spectacular quarterback sneak for about thirty yards.

And Perry—well—I guess we can all see him this minute as he does an exciting step-ladder stunt, nailing Willison who is doing a mighty hurdle, and saying to himself as his lithe wiry arms encircle Willison's legs, "None of them fly too high for me." And then they both stop.

Rodgers did his best playing in this game, going through the line for long gains every time the ball was passed to him, and by watching the other players closely he stopped many of their trick plays.

Billy Gay made a good tackle in the last half, although according to the opponent it was rather rough.

Boxton and Rodda seemed to vie with each other to see which could hit the opposite line the hardest and quickest. Rodda seemed to pull down the honors for speed but Boxton's jolt was the hardest felt.

During this and the previous game Mitchell's aggressiveness and all-around playing was a very noticeable feature, and many times as the shapeless mass assumed proportions Mitchell was seen to be the man who had turned the trick.

Score—16-0.

The Center-ville Game A good game from every point of view, exciting, clean and even.

The spirit displayed by the Centerville girls, who, borrowing some of our megaphones, formed themselves into a section and rooted lustily and persistently, was certainly the "something" that carried the Centerville school through to victory.

The refereeing during the whole game was extremely unsatisfactory, but our boys are free in declaring that they never played against a bunch of fellows whose tactics were any cleaner or more sportsmanlike than those indulged in by the Centerville men, and they also, one and all, take off their hats to the Centerville girls.

The feature of this game was undoubtedly Bell's playing. It was simply great, thundering through their line time and again, tackling the man with the ball and carrying him back many yards. Coming from a sick bed and playing the furious offensive and steady defensive game he did, Bell firmly established his reputation as the greatest player in the Academic League to-day.

Sobey's boast that he had never been hurt in a football game was discarded. At the beginning of the game he received

a swift kick in the back that completely took the ginger out of him, necessitating his removal. This was unfortunate as he had played his position well in the two previous games.

The game itself was a series of repetitions. The Centerville team would, by a series of skillful trick plays which they ran almost at will, work the ball down close to our goal only to lose it and have our team buck them straight back the field until their own goal was in danger. It was after Lick had received a long penalty and their goal was again in danger, that the only score of the day was made. Centerville tried a trick play, but Everett singled the right man out and making a beautiful tackle downed him far in back of the line, but, unfortunately, in a most excellent spot for a field goal. Centerville saw her chance and took it, a prettier kick could not be imagined, the ball sailing over the bar and squarely between the goal posts.

Lick's chance to score came early in the second half, when by straight bucking they came within two yards of Centerville's goal, but Centerville held them and it saved her the day.

For the first time this year Graff, who, on account of injuries received in initial practice has been unable to play, was seen in action. He was good for eight yards on a tackle around and his playing throughout the game showed that he will be a tower of strength next season.

The playing of Knox was fast and heady, but he was hurt and had to be removed just before the end of the game.

Butler, who had also been on the sick list, was placed in the game toward the last, and he proved to be a very lively corpse.

Weber, coming in the game so late, did not have much of a chance to star, but what he did reflects credit both mentally and physically.

Merrilees and French, as Rodda and

Boxton in the Wilmierding game, seemed to be running a little contest on the side to see who could go the hardest and the fastest. Between you and I, I wouldn't have liked to have stopped either of them.

And Johnson—realizing that we needed the time—not willing to forfeit the two minutes that might possibly win us the game, played fifteen minutes of the last half with a broken collar bone without saying a word to anyone—injured so badly that he had to be helped to the doctors and then home. Surely if the proper stuff can thus assert itself so strongly in merely a school football game, it will certainly carry the possessor through in later years when struggling with the more serious problems of life.

The cup goes to Centerville with a score of 4 to 0 against Lick.

LICK VS. SEATTLE

The Lick Football Team completed its season with a game with the Seattle High School team in Seattle. Although the team was defeated, it made such a showing both on and off the field, that it earned the respect and favor of the spectators and its opponents.

The game was the best witnessed in many years in Seattle, and despite the rain which never ceased during the entire game, the attendance was the largest in Seattle's history. The contest was marked throughout by clean, hard playing, each team trying to outdo the other in the line of sportsmanlike etiquette. The Lick Team was handicapped by a long journey with an extra two days' delay en route, owing to the floods between Portland and Seattle.

The game scheduled for Saturday was played Tuesday. The field was covered in places by a foot of water which was also a disadvantage. It was the first wet field the team has played on this season. Nevertheless the team, to the man, put up such a plucky, aggressive fight that they had the

Seattle boys looking worried. Only through their good, heady playing and fine forward passes were they able to keep Lick from scoring.

More than any individual, Captain Coyle, Seattle's quarterback, was responsible for his team's victory. His marvelous speed enabled him to circle Lick's ends for long gains and together with his punting and running in punts was a tower of strength to his team. These great gains were offset by the Tigers' line smashing tactics, in which Charley Bell, Lick's phenomenal fullback, was most conspicuous. This style of play could not be entirely advantageous on a wet field, where it is required to gain ten yards. Captain Merrilees, at center, played his usual consistent star game.

This was the way the battle see-sawed up and down the field, until it looked like the game would end with honors even. When, on the 40-yard line, toward the close of the game, the fumble came which gave Seattle the ball and before the rooters could realize it, the boys of the North had executed two forward passes which gained for them the well-earned touchdown. Coyle kicked the goal. Score—Seattle 6, Lick 0.

The other touchdown came in the last three minutes of play, when the boys, real-



Capt. Merrilees at Seattle

izing that they had to take a desperate chance, tried a difficult trick-play which was fumbled. Lefty Burke, left end on Seattle, ran for a touchdown with a clear field in front of him, making the final score 11 to 0.

The score does not show the good game the Tigers played, and one would be likely

to conclude it was a one-sided affair. With the exception of Seattle's game with the University of Washington, which Seattle lost by a place kick, the Tigers gave the Seattle aggregation the hardest game of the season.

Coach Frost, who played tackle on Dartmouth College, is coaching Seattle's team and he complimented Coach Hotchkiss on the fine work his squad have done.

On the way up, the team was entertained at the Multnomah Athletic Club and had a much-needed limbering up and practice on their club field. Mr. Shell, the manager, did everything in his power to make the boys feel at home. We also received favors at the hands of Mr. Merrill's brother, who put the autos of his garage at our disposal. While in Seattle the Seattle Athletic Club gave each player of the team membership cards which entitled them to the full privileges of the club. For this favor we are indebted to Mr. English, the manager of the club, and Mr. Geiger, the Principal of Seattle High School.

A greater hospitality could not have been shown to any strangers than was shown by the members of Seattle's team and the students of the school. They received the boys at the Seattle pier with three rousing cheers and then commenced a reception which never ended until the team boarded the train for home. With banquets and automobile rides the boys forgot they were a thousand miles from home, and were made to feel as if they were princes.

The Seattle High School is to be complimented upon the excellent management through which a game between two schools over a thousand miles distant could be brought to such a successful termination. One marked by such a sportsmanlike spirit could not fail to reflect praise and credit on the participants. Although Lick's eleven returned to San Francisco with a score of 11 to 0 against them, not one member thought ill of the defeat. Why? Because

we were made to feel that the Seattle boys were not our opponents but our friends.

Harry Dearin, Manager.

The Academic Swim

The first event on the evening of November 23d was the classic "hundred." Bromley just managed to beat out Mc-Wood, of Poly, in fast time.

The quarter-mile went to Tom Laine, Lowell's star swimmer. Howard Lee Roscoe Dietterle, our "Flying Fish," made a plucky second, with Maxwell, of Poly, third.

The two-twenty yard swim went the way of the hundred, with the exception of the fact that Bromley broke another World's Inter-scholastic Record.

Laine, of Lowell, took the half-mile, Smith, his team-mate, second, and Maxwell, of Poly, third.

At the beginning of the Relay, it was as exciting as could well be imagined. The score read:

Lick—13.

Lowell—13.

Polytechnic—8.

If Poly won, with Lick and Lowell shut out, it was Poly's meet. Otherwise it depended on whether Lick or Lowell touched the finish first.

The first two laps Oakland led, Lick second, and Lowell third. At the finish, however, positions were reversed, Lowell ahead, Oakland and Lick tying for second, and the final score was:

Lowell—23.

Lick—17.

The Interclass League

At last regulations for inter-class sports seem to be assuming proportions. A regular league has been formed, the officers of which are the class committees on affairs and the captains and managers of the class teams. The management of contests is

delegated to a committee of three besides the chairman of the League, and disputes which cannot be settled by the captains on the field, or protests, are submitted to the League officials for final adjustment.

George Bromley, as chairman of the League, has not been idle. He has appointed E. Thompson '07, A. Simpson '09 and H. Percival '08 on the standing committee and that the committee was well chosen was evidenced by the fact that, at the two inter-class football games already played this season, referees, umpires, timers, yardsmen and other necessary officials had all been arranged for and the grounds roped off, thereby insuring a clear field.

One of the plans of the League is to obtain a six-sided cup, each side to represent an academic sport, and have the sport engraved on it. The class that wins a sport will have its class numerals and the year engraved under that particular sport. First place in the League will count two points and second place one point; at the end of the year the class having the greatest number of points to its credit will have the honor of winning the cup for the year.

There is one point that must always be remembered—the reason given for forming this League is: "To foster class athletics, for the purpose of FOSTERING SCHOOL TEAMS, and we must always bear in mind the fact that the class that loses a contest is doing just as much to help carry out the original plan as is the class that wins.

Girls' Athletics

Tennis A tennis meeting was called on November 15th, as planned the day before the rally, for all girls interested in tennis.

Miss Otto opened the meeting by asking about a net.

Miss Bridge said that we should try to get the money for it from the Board of Control.

A committee of four were appointed to get the money and buy the net at the earliest possible convenience.

We hope to get the net by November 26th and start in practice on the court.

As this was all that could be done at the present time, the meeting adjourned.

Swimming

Girls swimming has been wished for for some time and everything will be ready for a good ducking soon, possibly before this appears.

There are quite a number of girls who have expressed their wish to enter the swimming club.

Miss Otto, Miss Menzel and Miss Adams have offered their services as chaperones.

The girls do not expect to have inter-class swimming contests, but they do expect to swim for the pleasure in it only.

Basket Ball

The basketball field has not been in a very good condition for some time, the girls seem to have lost the interest they had taken in it at the beginning of the year.

This very thing was what caused the team of last year to be lacking in games. Girls, show up for practice even if you do not intend to try for the team. Come for the fun in it.

We intend to have interclass basketball games, but we cannot expect to have them if the girls do not come out to try for their class teams. Miss Southwick will be down to coach after the Christmas holidays. So, girls, do not forget to come down to have some fun, if you do not intend to play on the team.

MERELY A ISCELLANEOUS EDLEY OF ELANCHOLY IXTURES OSTLY ORBID ANUFACTURED BY ICROSCOPIC INDS



Just Before the Quarter's Up

(Apologies to "Just before Christmas.")
I go to a school on Utah Street, just have lots of fun;

Pies and fights and fires, simply make things hum.

Mighty glad I struck that school—they teach you lots of things.

But then comes the end of the quarter and all the pain it brings.

I like to go to football games and steal bells off the car;

Hate to be told report card time isn't off so very far.

Most of the time I'm pretty frisky and the faculty all eye me,

But just before the quarter's up, I'm as good as I can be.

I do my own Geometry and Chemistry and all,

And don't whistle in the basement nor roughhouse in the hall;

I brush my hair between periods, and let alone the Senior hat,

And if I can help a teacher, I'm always in on that;

And I'm so polite and tend so earnestly to biz

That the teachers say to Mr. Merrill, "How improved that fellow is!"

But Mr. Merrill, having been a boy himself, suspitions me,
When just before the quarter's up I'm as good as I can be.

For if your card isn't good enough, it'l not be pleasant for you,
And you'll have to make up for your past and maybe better it too.
So don't put any thumb-tacks in your neighbor's chair,
Or if its necessary—when he finds it, be not there!

Don't roughhouse with the Senior, or "cut" to go and skate,
And keep out of the skirmishes that the other fellows make;
And whenever you feel tempted, think of the card you'd like to see,
And just before the quarter's up be as good as you can be.

Clare Hedges, '09.

Spectator of Inter-Class Game—"What's the score?"

Official Score-keeper—"Say, do you think I can count over a hundred?"

The Geometry Student slowly arose, and spoke as one inspired. "The triangles are equal," he said, "because things equal to each other are equal to themselves."

Hear the fragrance of scorching crust
gently arise

From below!—'Tis the Junior girls baking
their pies.

The Haunted Boiler Room

In the dim fogginess of a South San Francisco morning, Fabian, his brow wrinkled with care and worry, took his post as fireman. He alone knew that he took his life in his hands. The water and steam gauges both looked satisfactory, so he seated himself to listen to the "chief's" stories of boilers that had blown up. Each story added to his usual "leariness" and soon he was all a-tremble. He turned to the steam gauge; a mysterious hand gave the valve on the water column a twist. There was a roar of escaping steam and the water in the glass went down out of sight. To say that Fabian was "scared" does not give one any idea of his condition. He loudly shouted, "What shall I do?"

"Shut off the valve in the ash pit," came in answer. Almost as soon as his head was buried in search of that fictitious valve, the same mysterious hand shut off the right one. The steam ceased to roar and the fireman's heart again resumed its palpitations, but the evil spirits were conspired against him and his relief was short lived. A silent figure crept to the safety valve and raised it with a grim smile. The roar that followed was heard for a block or more.

Grabbing a wrench, Fabian made a vicious poke at the oil burner valve. He missed. One second more would he waste in an attempt to save the buildings and his fellow students. Another miss! The poor exhausted fireman could stand no more and howling "It's all up, fellows!" did his little Paul Revere for Butcher-town.

Christmas Thoughts

I.

The glowing logs are burning low,
And it is waxing late;
I'm snuggled warm in a cozy chair,
Drawn close up by the grate.

II.

The coals send forth a welcome light
To me, who sits and dreams
Of happy Christmas times to come,
My brain with fancies teems.

III.

Ere long I close my eyes and seem
To smell the turkey brown;
Plum pudding then comes steaming in
And mince pies passed around.

IV.

And then I see the Christmas tree—
A fairyland of light;
And everyone stands 'spectant by
With "ahs" of fond delight.

V.

And this is the time you get the things
That you've been wishing for;
There's skates and furs and diamond rings,
And automobiles galore.

VI.

And then,—I come to life again,
More serious thoughts perturb me;
And Christmas seems a long way off,
When TIGER work disturbs me.

R. M. Reynolds, '08.

A Lick Hero—"Store-keeper, I want to buy a track upper, with black and gold stirpes on the sleeves."

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Edward Seamen, Debator**I.**

The teacher sits at her desk,
Writing a debate so fine;
“Oh! Where can I get a scholar good,
To learn this debate of mine?”

II.

Up spoke the smallest scholar,
A right smart kid was he;
“Ed Seaman is the best scholar
That ever I did see.”

III.

The teacher has written the debate
And signed it with her hand;
And sent it to Ed Seaman
The pride of all the land.

IV.

The first line that Seaman said,
A loud applause got he;
The second line that Seaman said,
The “kids” all laughed, “Tee-Hee.”

V.

“Oh! who are the foolish persons,
Who have elected me
To debate upon this question,
‘To exclude the Japanee’?”

VI.

O! long will the students wait
For Seaman to leave the stand,
For death by fright has come to him,
The pride of all the land.

VII.

Long will it be 'till we get a debator,
Who always did his share,
As Eddie Seaman always did,
No matter when or where.

VIII.

Here's to poor Ed Seaman,
For him we all will weep,
He's lying where we left him,
With debate notes at his feet.

C. S. Winter, '10.

A. W. Wynne, '10.

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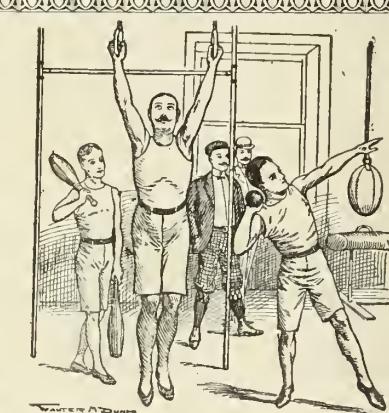


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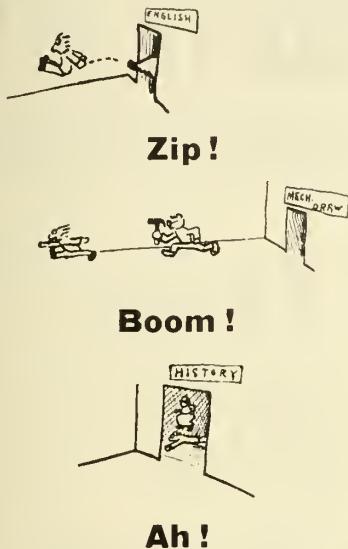


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**Ladies' Aid
Notes**

The last regular meeting of the Queener's Club was called to order by President Acton. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The first matter to be brought up was the election of new members. Steam-Roller Payne was proposed and would have been accepted, but a curling-iron was discovered in his hip pocket and he was promptly disqualified.

Coach Walker was impeached for inattention to duty, and his license taken away.

Sobey applied for the vacant position. His final appointment is pending an investigation of his professional standing. Some of the members think he is an amateur.

Lester Thompson, as Mill Valley Correspondent, asked for an assistant. He complained that the work is too much for one representative. The matter was laid on the table.

The Club went into secret conclave for fifteen minutes, at which the press was excluded. However, results are apparent, as after a telegram from Seattle was delivered to them, an invitation was immediately extended to the Football Team to become honorary members.

Romer Shawhan's amateur standing was removed, after hearing the information that he was found looking in a mirror with one eye closed, to find out how he looked when asleep.

As all the members present had important engagements, the meeting adjourned.

First Freshie—"We're going to have a rally to-day."

Second Freshie—"Why?"

First Freshie—"The President of the Student Body is all dressed up."

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Essay on Street Cars

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WHEN SOME-THING DOES A CITY GOOD, IT IS BEN-E-FIT-ING THE CITY.

ARE THE STREET CARS OF THIS CITY DO-ING THE PEOPLE GOOD?

NO. THEY ARE DO-ING THEM BROWN.

I SEE A MAN STAND-ING IN A CAR. HE IS HOLD-ING A STRAP. HE IS SWAYING AND MANY PEOPLE ARE BUMP-ING HIM. HIS LIPS ARE MOV-ING. WHAT IS HE SAY-ING? WHAT THE MAN IS SAY-ING IS NEV-ER TAUGHT TO LIT-TLE "TEN-ERS" IN SCHOOL.

CAN THE CARS DO ANY-THING OUT OF THE OR-DIN-ARY? OH YES. THEY CAN BOB UP AND DOWN, AND RUN IN-TO EACH OTHE-R WHEN-EVER THEY LIKE. IS IT NOT SAFE TO RIDE ON A STREET-CAR? YES, IT IS NOT SAFE TO RIDE ON A STREET-CAR. IS IT SAFE TO POUR GAS-O-LINE ON A FIRE? SOME-TIMES.

ARE THE CARS AS BAD AS ALL THAT? OH YES; SOME TIMES THEY ARE SO PACK-ED THAT THERE IS HARDLY ROOM FOR YOUR NICKEL, AND YOU EITH-ER HAVE TO THROW IT AWAY OR GIVE IT TO THE CON-DUCT-OR.

SOME-TIMES THE CON-DUCT-OR PULLS A CORD AND A BELL RINGS INSIDE THE CAR. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? IT MEANS THAT YOU ARE FIVE OUT, AND THE MEN WHO OWN THE CARS ARE FIVE IN.

THEN THESE MEN ARE POOR? YES, LIT-TLE "TEN-ERS," AS POOR AS THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

C. E. Conger, '09.

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Pome-let

Ran through a little glade,
And down its course advancing,
And from rock to rock a-glancing—
A silver stream—in leafy shade—
All wrapped it ran in leafy shade.
O'er rocks it took to bounding,
And in sharps and flats resounding,
It made a small cascade.
On the rocks below it pounded,
This foamy little streamlet;
And with its splash I wondered
A year—I'm wond'ring yet—
Why this small cascade as pictured
Isn't called a cascaret?

Leslie Nickels, '07.

Freshman—"Is she loyal to Lick?"

Senior—"Loyal! Well, I guess yes!
Why, the only kind of illness that she will
have is the black plague or the yellow
fever!"

Deutsch

There's something wrong with the language
With that you will agree;
For the neuter girl and the female youth
Don't seem quite sense to me.

But the greatest puzzle I've met with
Is the way they use "Dick" and
Dunn."
They try to tell me that *Dick* is *thick*,
When everyone knows he is *thin*!

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Vignette

The sun is shining brightly upon the scene before us.

What is the scene?

Listen! Through the swinging doors yonder, one can hear the sweet strains of "Waltz me around again, Willie," amidst the scraping of leather boots on cement floors.

Around the corner, blithesome maids are being entertained by queenly young men, who throw a large round ball from one to another with much nimbleness and grace.

Farther along, are divers parties of eleven or more young men each. After one of them does a little algebra aloud, they gather about a point and perform sundry evolutions.

Back again to the Taekling Dummy Frame can be seen a crowd of husky youths. Cries of "Hang the Editor!" etc.,

etc., rend the quiet noon day air, when suddenly a young man is hoisted aloft and is suspended, seemingly by the neck,

What, you ask, is this scene?

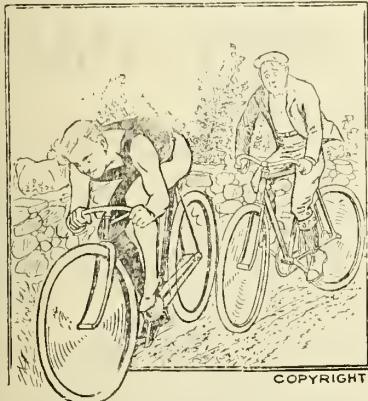
My friend, it is the Juniors of Lick holding a stag-dance in the basement, the Queener's Club playing basketball for the girls, the class football teams practising signals, and the Seniors at their gentle sport. Truly, my friend, a progressive age!

The Alamadeeno Bunch

Brown yelled, "Hi, abaft! 'Board the raft!"

Voogt thought Brown was daft, so Voogt laughed.

Brown wafted a rafter,
Right after the grafter,
And the draft blew the craft like a shaft.



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Second Tremble—

April eighteenth—shaking floor.
 Made a bee-line for the door.
 Strove to reach it, but in vain;
 The bee went through a window-pane.

Sat on bed to rest a while,
 Then I made another trial.
 Chimney came through with a
 "Whoop!"
 Teddie did a loop-the-loop.

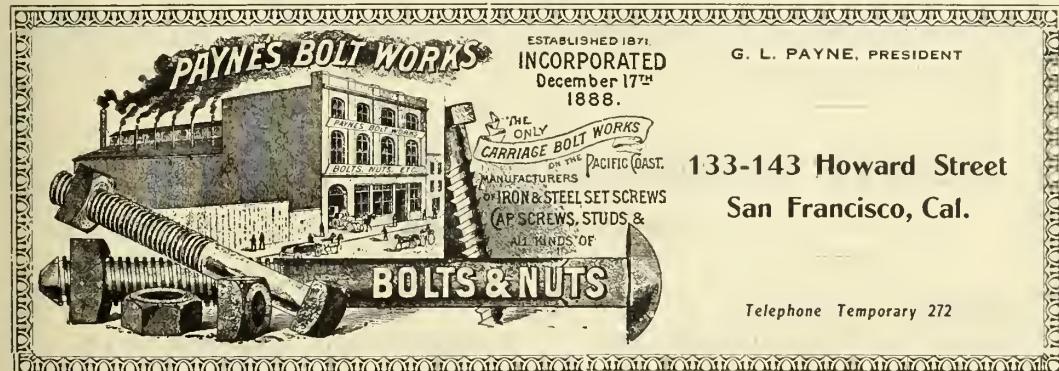
Re-Hashed

Now, of course, there must be leavings,
 Miss Grace Ruth hath often said;
 So Naught-Six is still among us,
 Walkering—but almost dead.

A \$5.00 XMAS PRESENT FREE

TO EVERYONE who buys a Bicycle of us between now and Xmas. Choice of Target Rifles, Punching Bags, Foot Balls, \$5.00 Roller Skates, Boxing Gloves and numerous other delightful gifts.

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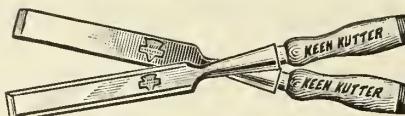
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SECOND AND HARRISON STS.

Conversation

"Could I speak with the Senior Class President?"

"No, sir. He is with the Football Team in Seattle."

"Well, then, could I see the Basket Ball Captain?"

"No, sir. He is with the Swimming Team in Healdsburg."

"How about the Student Body President?"

"Oh, he is down at Belmont with the class football team."

"Well, is the President of the Sophomore Class around?"

"No, sir. He is attending a Debating League Convention in Martinez."

"Well, how about the Freshman President?"

"Oh! He is busy, asking Mr. Merrill to ship the class to Cape Nome for an Alaskan field day!"

—
"Birds of a fuzz together buzz."

The elevatortosuccessisstucktrythestairs.

Shop Note

A Junior wandered from the engine room in search of a bottle of vaenum.

CHUTES —AND— ZOO

TENTH AVE. & FULTON ST.

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Gigantic Skating Rink!
Wonderful Collection of Wild Animals from Every Clime!
And Other Numerous Attractions!

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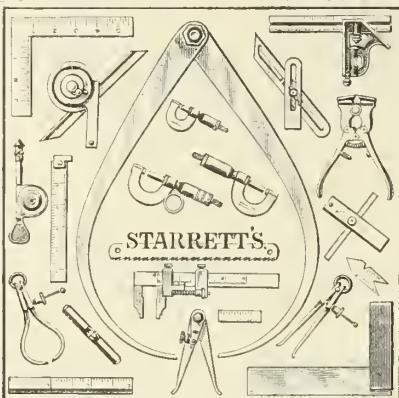
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A Little One-Jam Dramlet

Time—The morning the paint works went up.

Scene—Classroom, C. S. M. A., devoted to Mathematics.

Characters—Sines, Cosines, Logarithms, Mr. Dick, Class, Desks and other Natural Functions.

I.

Fire Engine (outside)—“Ding-Clang-Cling!”

Voice—“Fire! FIRE!”

Mr. Dick—“Girls, kindly sit down!”

Co-ed—“Oh! There’s a fire!”

Fire Engine—“Clang-Clong.”

Mr. Dick—“To find the logarithm of 23, we—”

Fire Engine—“Choo-oo-o-oo-oooff.”

Mr. Dick—“Girls, climb down off that steam heater.”

Fire Engine—“Choof, Busch-ugh!”

Girls—“Oooh! It’s blowing right up!”

(Girls get up and go out.)

Mr. Dick—“For next day, we will take for home work problems 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12—”

(Class get up and go out.)

“Also 13, 14, 15, 16, 17—”

(Natural functions sneak.)

“And in addition, study over 18, 19, 20, 21, 23—”

4,000,000 gallons gasoline—“**BOOM!**”

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Bill Board After a Rain

Mrs. Carter's Liver Pills will fight at Rink
to-night.

Tomato catsup—A. B. C., will referee the
fight.

There will be a ten-round go—

Berger vs. Optimus—

A forty H. P. Sapolio, use Sperry's Flour
and save the dough.

Fooled!

There once live a girl named Miss Flossie,
Whose mother made excellent ginger-bread.

She eloped with a male—

He was a man—

Let's lean up against the deep blue ocean.

Puzzles

A business man kept acct.

Of his money. He found it afft-

Ain of joy

He said to his boy,

"In a trice, I can tell the ammt."

In Frisco, an outspoken Col.

Read the graft news each day in his jol.

When he wanted a Spade,

He'd say a "Damned Shovel!"

So he calls city scandal, "infol!"

TOOL CHESTS FOR BOYS

Boys! Christmas is coming. Tell your parents about the Tool Chests at Brittain's prepared especially for boys. Not mere toys but made for actual use. They are priced : **\$4, \$5, \$7.50, \$11** and upward according to size and the assortment of tools. Come in and see them yourselves anyway.

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Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats,
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Nothing more Stylish in San Francisco
than Our form-fitting Sack Suits

for Young Men.

Our Tuxedos are Correct

The Hastings Clothing Co.

Van Ness Ave. and Pine St.

Any Rags

"Oh! What is that of stuff so black
Tied round with a cord of gold?"

"Why that, my friend, is the '07 Hat
On the head of a Senior bold."

"Well what is that so old and torn
With holes punched there and here,
And a rope tied round? It might have been
A fire souvenir."

"Oh! There's where your wrong, yes very
wrong,
To be ridiculed was the Senior's fate,
And that, my friend, is only the hat
Of the class of Noughty Eight!"

"Well, what is this a-coming
At which the Juniors roar?"

"Why that, my friend, is only the tie
Of the jolly Sophomore."

"Well now, what are they laughing at?
That they all make so much noise?"
"Why that, my friend, is a Freshie small
In a pair of new corduroys."

Clare Hodges, '09.

Lady Visitor—"What are all those
sparks?"

Student—"Oh! That's Golcher grinding
his razor."

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